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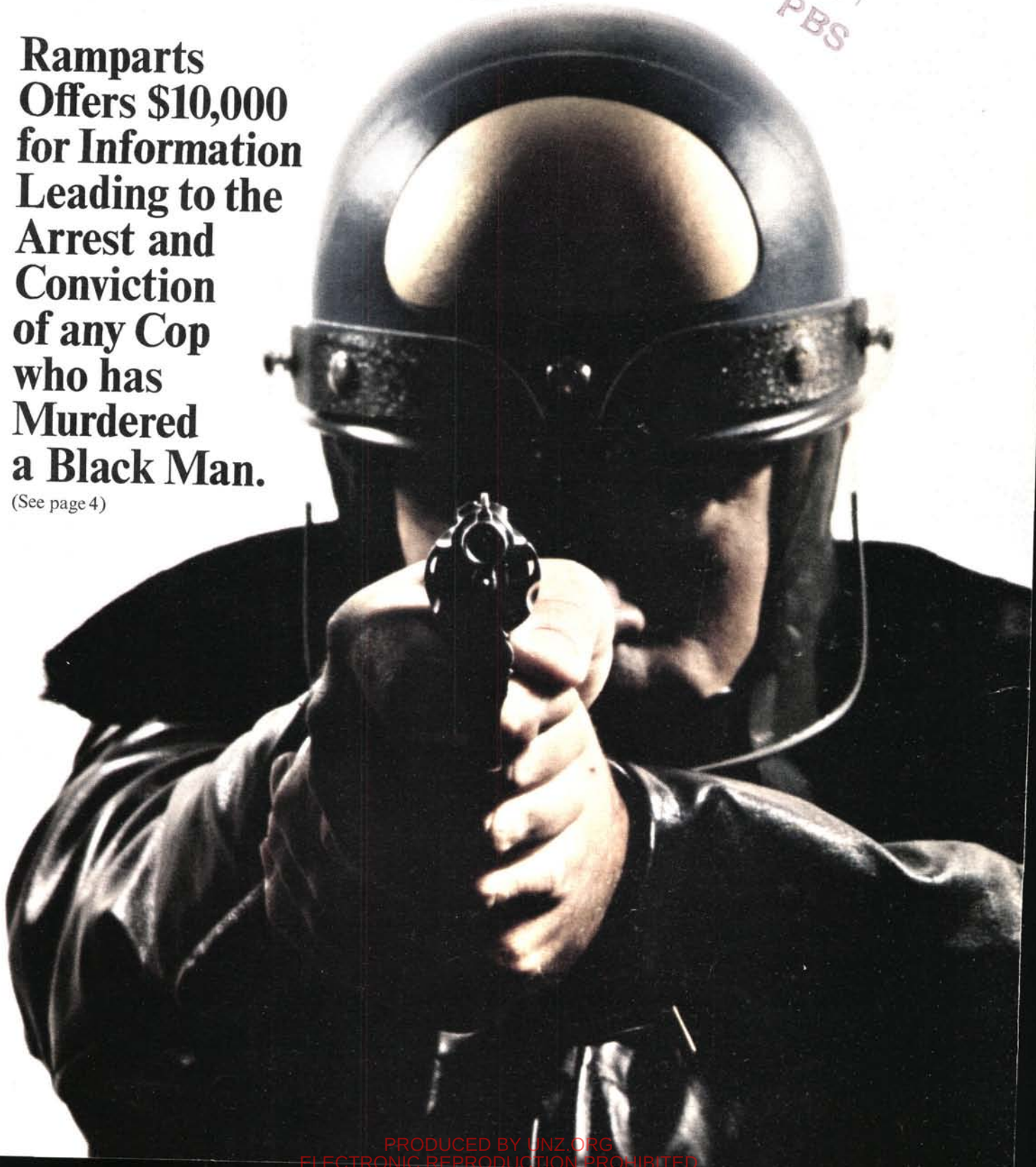

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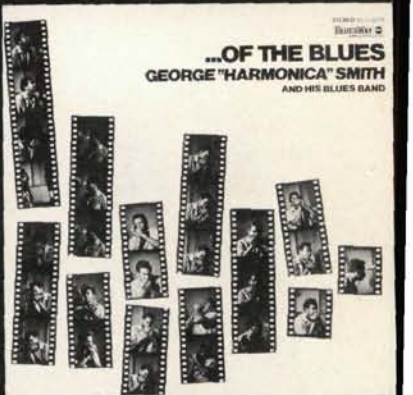

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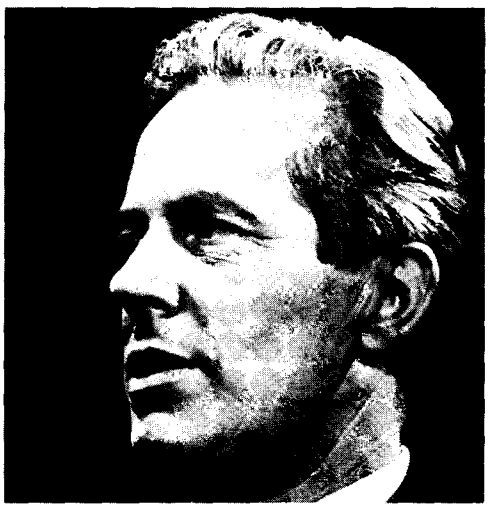

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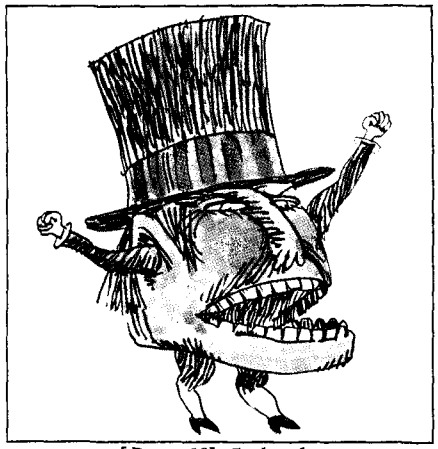

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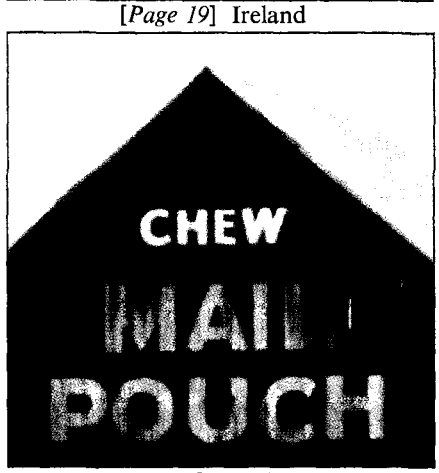

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Ramparts

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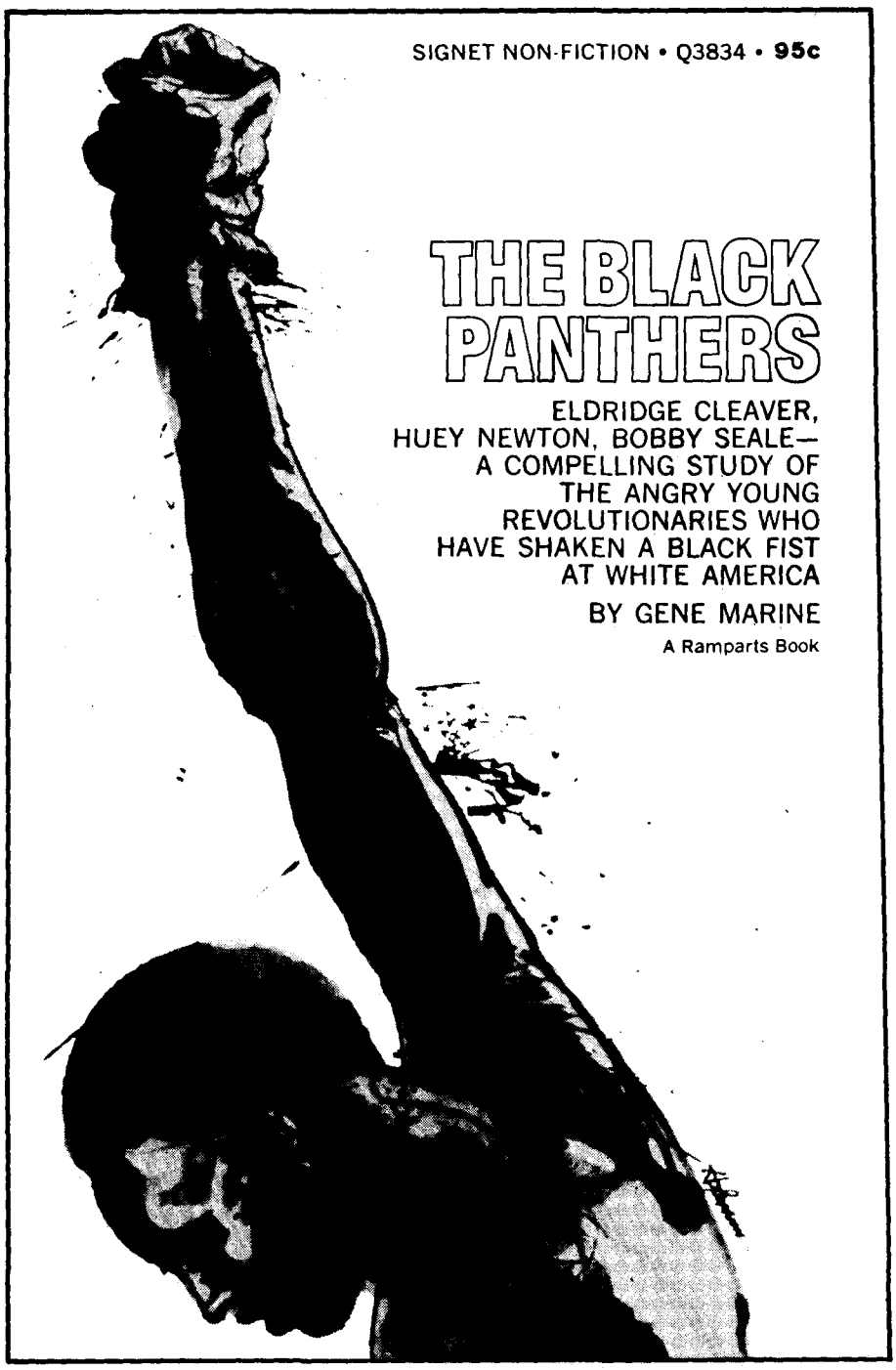
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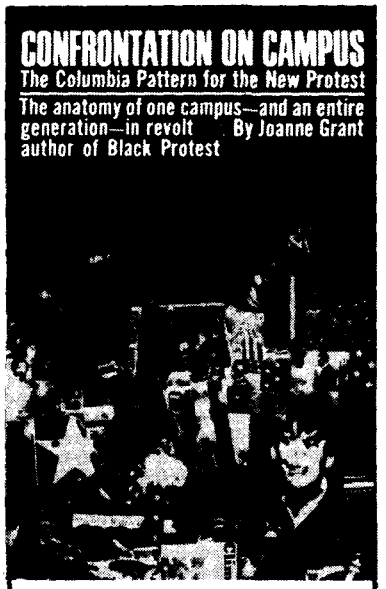
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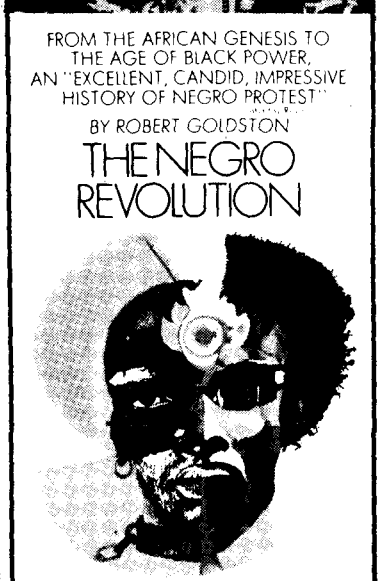
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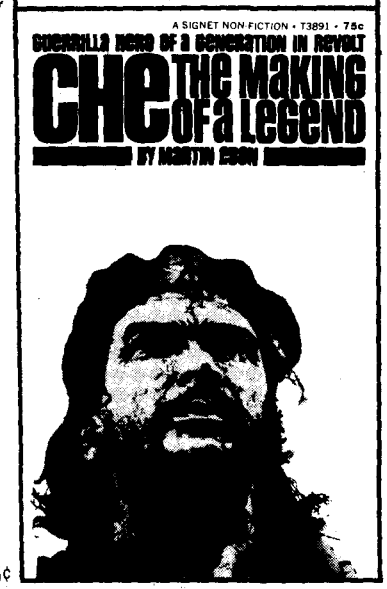

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[EDITORIAL]

On Establishment Law and People's Disorder

THE NATION HAS RECENTLY BEEN SUBJECTED to a totally misleading controversy over questions of urban "violence" and campus "unrest" based on a false dichotomy between those who supposedly believe in violence, chaos, and the destruction of normal political channels for change and those who favor nonviolence, order and democracy. Such a simplistic scheme, of course, begs the question: everyone who is not an undercover police agent or an outright psychotic would of course prefer order to chaos or nonviolence to violence, if these categories were compatible with justice; all would prefer to use routine political channels rather than be forced to invent new ones, if those channels were indeed open. But they are not.

The history of the past ten years of Left dissent in America however has demonstrated that "normal" channels close most suddenly when protest centers on any of the vital power relations in the society. In every important case, movements of protest have gone from the most benign of tactics to those that are more troublesome because of the intransigence of established power, not because of their own degeneracy or protesters' eagerness for violence. SNCC began as a pacifist organization patiently involved in voter registration; it ended in a militant avowal of Black Power. In the interim, society managed to bust as many pacifist heads as militant ones, and the only difference was that SNCC began to fight back. The movement for campus change began with the nonviolent sit-ins of the FSM at Berkeley, with prayer and song by Joan Baez, but liberal Governor Brown called out the troopers all the same, and soon the students were showing up with protective helmets and occasionally giving back some of what they got. The peace movement tried its letter writing campaigns and electoral politics, but as it amassed support, the elites of the major parties moved decisively to prevent a vote on the war in the national election.

Those who dissent are admittedly more bitter now, and increasingly cynical about a Gandhian appeal to the good will of men of power; but assertions that they are the purveyors of violence in this society are a deliberate distortion of the facts.

It is still the police who are the major source of violence in American ghettos. The O'Brien case, discussed in this issue (pg. 10), documents the contention of the Black Panthers that cops are an alien, violent force unleashed on the black community, that the courts will not convict cops who kill blacks, and that black self-defense has become a necessity.

It is still the U.S. government which is, as Martin Luther King said shortly before his death, "the major purveyor of violence in the world," in Viet-Nam and elsewhere; and it is the rankest hypocrisy to focus on student protesters who occasionally harass a Dow recruiter, disrupt classes, or break the windows of an ROTC building, as seriously competitive with this officially sanctioned violence. It is also quite illogical to argue that all violence is the same, both quantitatively and otherwise, for clearly a tomato thrown at a Dow recruiter is a very different matter, by any reasonable standards, from napalm thrown upon Vietnamese, and no one has yet even spoken about napalming Dow Chemical itself, which would certainly be morally more justifiable in terms of saving human lives than the bombing of Hiroshima or many other grand acts of national policy. Which is just the point: when mass death is officially disseminated it is "policy," but when a Harvard dean is shaken a bit it's "violence."

The liberal mentality, because it is almost constitutionally unable to focus on ultimate causes, must focus instead on that which is most obvious: tactics. But the central question is one of power, not tactics. All government bureaucracies have their own violence. They call it moral. They call it law. Such governments everywhere are united in branding those who challenge the legitimacy of their laws as purveyors of violence and chaos. Those who have power have the police and the courts, and if they do not permit channels for a basic challenge to their power, then they are the ones who impel the use of illegal tactics.

THE PROTESTERS ARE THEN LEFT WITH the choice of remaining within the system as an entertainment—the loyal, ineffectual opposition—or thrashing about for ways of rudely confronting that system and forcing it to give. This last is not a neat alternative; there is much confusion and error as men shorn of power attempt "by any means necessary" to assert themselves. It would be far better if the system would simply give way or open up, but it doesn't. It rather becomes more and more oppressive: conspiracy indictments against the Chicago protesters; long sentences for the Presidio "mutineers"; Smith Act indictments against the leaders of the Black Panthers. The "mutineers"—who simply followed Martin Luther King's tactics by sitting in a circle, holding up fingers in the peace sign while singing "We Shall Overcome"—received harsher sentences than all other protesters, even though their tactics were totally nonviolent, precisely because they challenged the center of government violence, the Army, proving once again that it is the challenge to established power and not the choice of tactics which is troubling to the men who run this country—the "they."

And if there is one thing which separates the protesters from those who administer the government or form the backlash or are simply apathetic, it is over the recognition of the "they."

We were all raised on the myth of the egalitarian American politic: power is diffuse, the political channels permit a redress of grievance for all, and what imperfections appear from time to time are marginal to the system and may be corrected without troubling the whole. But the last ten years of government have revealed all too clearly that power is highly concentrated in those corporate and political elites which run America, benefit from its empire and political status quo and control its universities toward that end. The FSM'ers soon discovered that the regents of their university were not simply

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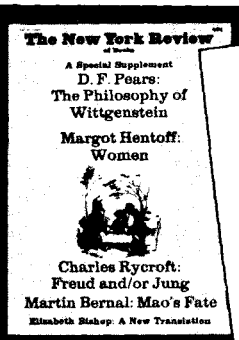

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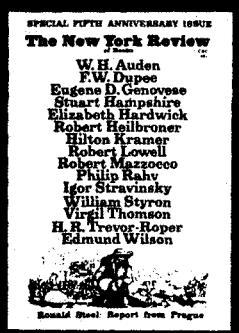

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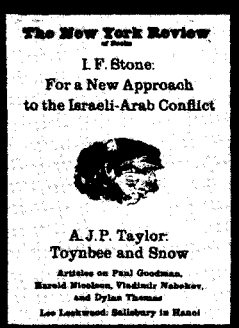

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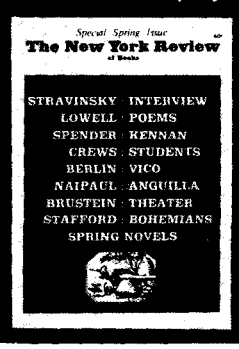

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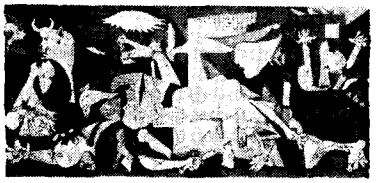

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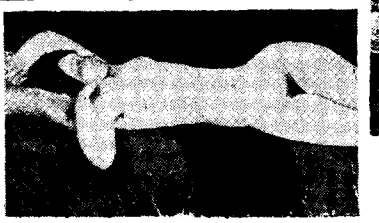

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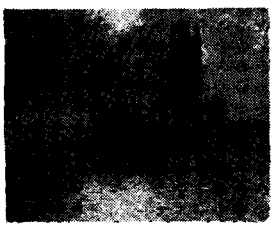

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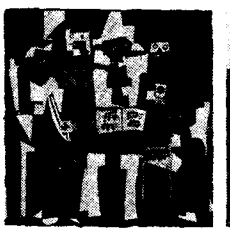

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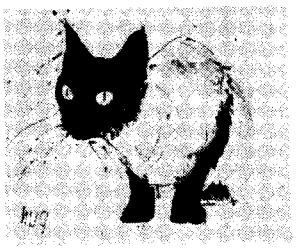

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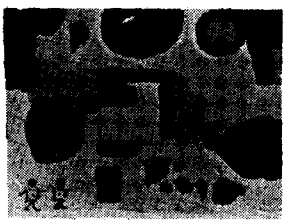

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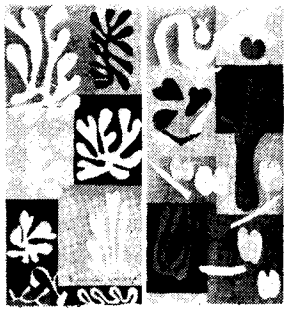

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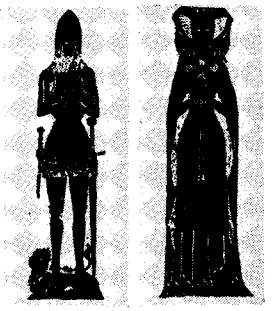

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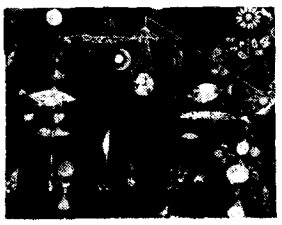

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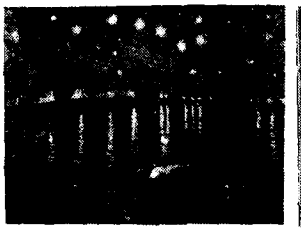

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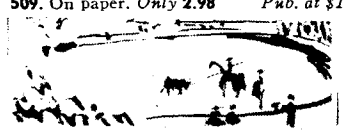

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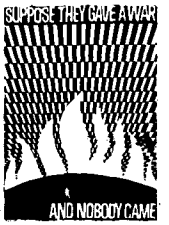

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FAMOUS LAMBERT GUARANTEE

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neutral citizens but rath representatives of the top economic corporations in the state, from Matson shipping to Pauley oil and the Hearst corporation. Viet-Nam protesters soon learned that the war was no accident of American foreign policy but rather necessary to the maintenance of the empire, and the activities of black militants revealed that racism was not a Southern aberration bu. rather something built into the very core of the American experience. And when protesters moved beyond marginal criticism to a fundamental challenge to established power they became a recognized threat—"New Left wreckers" rather than sincere reformers. The latter could be abided, even coddled, but the former, *no matter what their choice of tactics*, need to be eliminated. They will repress the Left no matter what its tactics whenever the Left gets near the jugular—be it denying the university to the military, organizing in the Army or organizing black people as revolutionaries rather than as black capitalists. They will bemoan the Left's choice of tactics, but what they really resent is its program which challenges prevailing power.

BUT NONETHELESS, THE LEFT OUGHT to be terribly concerned with matters of tactics, not because it will convince the powerful but because incorrect tactics will confuse the majority and make the pogrom easier. It must organize as a serious factor in American political life. A tactic which merely confronts without at the same time providing an educational basis for organizing those who are most affected is obviously to be rejected. Too often radicals seem bent on proving their revolutionary ardor in the eyes of their family or friends and stressing the degree of their alienation rather than the content of their program. Such tactics merely indulge one's sense of cultural uniqueness or political impotence, as in the case of the self-annointed "Crazies" (who recently disrupted an I. F. Stone talk) and other lumpen groups who provide ammunition for the enemy, confuse the majority that has a real stake in bringing about change in America, and force the Left to argue endlessly about dubious tactics rather than advancing its program.

The press has chosen to identify the wilder ploys of a small minority of radicals (increasingly the work of police agents) with the main activity of the movement in order to denounce it. But it is the Left which has been the victim of violence rather than its purveyor. At S. F. State, Harvard, Cornell and Berkeley, violence was first brought to the campus by the police and not the protesters.

The press has also frequently equated civil disobedience with violence. It is assumed that the student seizure of a campus building is inherently a violent act even if conducted peaceably, but that the original purchase of a building by trustees (whatever social hardship it may entail) is not—even though that purchase could hardly stand were the cops not ready to crack the heads of those who acted to deny its legitimacy. It was "lawful" and presumably "nonviolent" for the Regents of the University of California to level the housing in the bohemian student quarter in Berkeley, leaving a square block of dust in its place. But when people began planting trees and grass with swings for kids, making it a park, the pigs came in. At the request of urbane Chancellor Roger Heyns, they ripped it up and imprisoned the park within a grotesque iron fence. And the cops were lawful and orderly when they used tear gas, clubs and shotguns, shooting scores of people at random—which was not an example of "Pigs Gone Wild," as the headline in one underground paper had it, but rather the precise observance of Sheriff Madigan's orders to shoot, issued in compliance with Chancellor Heyns' directives. If Heyns were shot we'd never hear the end of it, but the students and street people simply didn't matter. And those who had planted the grass were held responsible for the violence. It proved once again that the game is rigged.

Neither could the line between ghetto and non-ghetto, or have and have-not, stand, were not the police primed by law and custom to preserve it. This power arrangement works most efficiently if it is not noticed, but it has been increasingly revealed as a result of the protesters' challenge to that power. The police are on the offensive; as the O'Brien case illustrates, the courts will no longer contain their excesses for fear of jeopardizing the very foundation of that official violence. But the establishment blows its own civilized cover in the process and is then forced to develop more obvious and ugly rationalizations for what is simply a fast-developing police state.

There is no longer a middle ground; it is necessary that people stand against that official violence, or they become responsible for it.

—ROBERT SCHEER

[THE COVER]

THE OFFER NOTED on the cover of this issue is both serious and symbolic. It is extended seriously as one of the few concrete moves that we can take now in the face of the social and political conditions (described and analyzed in the article on the O'Brien case in this issue) that give a cop license to kill a black man with impunity.

THE OFFER IS SYMBOLIC because by itself it is such a meager counterweight against the enormous imbalances that deform the established system of justice. The O'Brien case, revealing and appalling as it is, is not unique. More common are the many cases that are effectively covered up and never heard of again.

TO REALLY PROVIDE minimal protection and legal justice for the black man would require a revolution in the police and court systems to make them responsible to the communities they are supposed to serve, to end the role of the police as a hostile occupying force, uniformed vigilantes for the white backlash.

* * *

Effective June 15, 1969, $10,000 reward is payable by Ramparts Magazine Inc. *to the first person who after that date provides information which leads to the arrest and conviction of a police officer for murder in the first degree of a black person or persons. All questions or disputes arising from claims under this offer, including division of the $10,000 in the event that two or more persons collaborate in providing the information, shall be decided by an independent legal board established for that purpose, whose decisions will be final and binding.*

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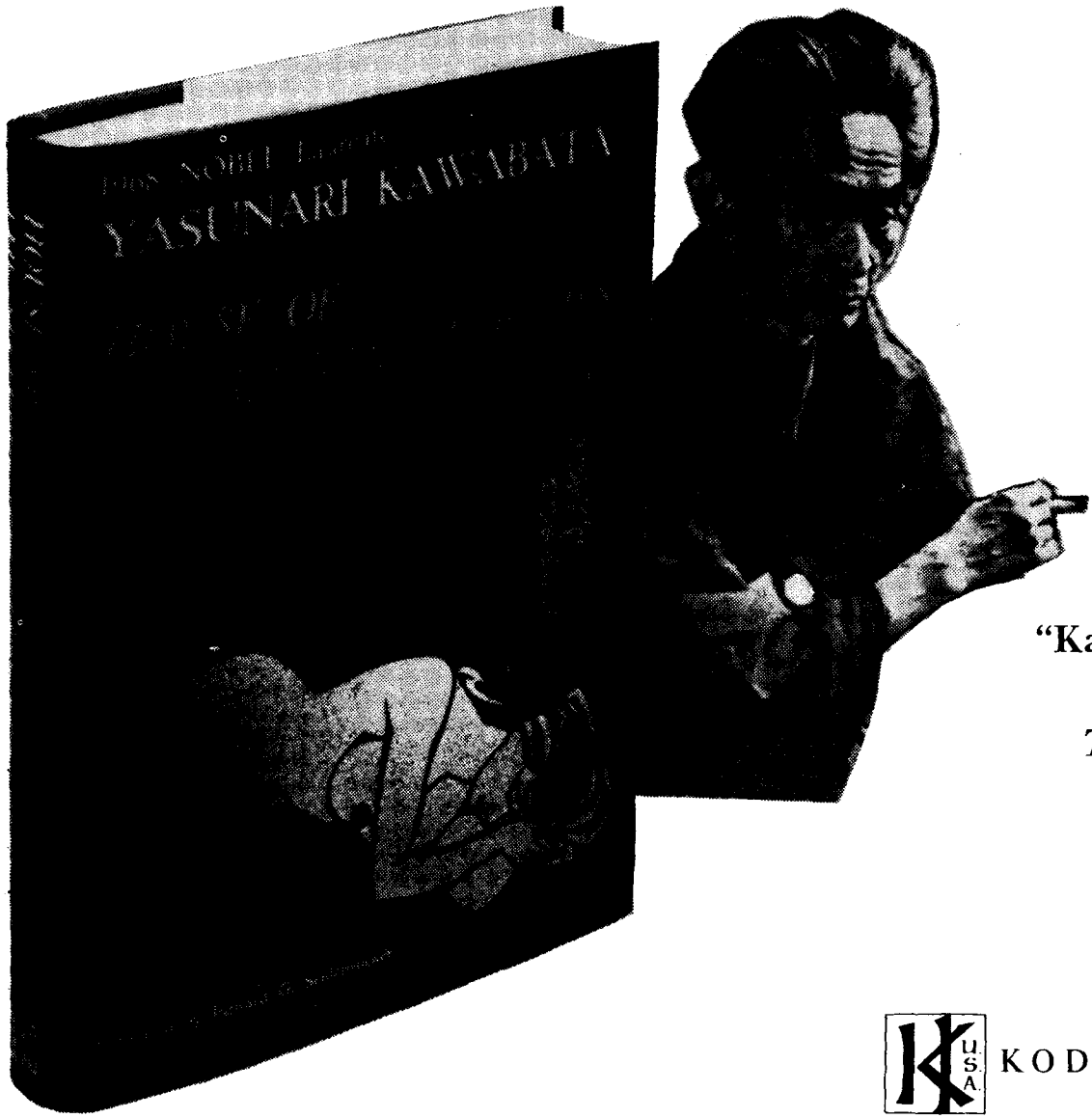

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Officer O'Brien: "I want to kill a nigger so goddamned bad I can taste it!" He killed George Baskett.

THE SCENE: *San Francisco. Its climate is moderate; tempers do not flare; passions are not abraded by the heat. It is renowned for an easy-going, live-and-let-live attitude. It prides itself on its cultural diversity.*

MICHAEL O'BRIEN WAS RETURNING with some friends from a Sunday outing at Lake Berryessa. The double date had not gone well: O'Brien had been drinking and was in an unpleasant mood. At one point, he made his date get out of the car with him and told her to "be a little more affectionate" or walk home. She calmed him down a little, though, and they got back into the car.

On the way across the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge, he suddenly brandished a .38 revolver. After a minute he put the gun away, and a few minutes later they were at Brush Place.

You'd have to be a pretty determined San Franciscan to know where Brush Place is. About two and a half blocks from the ugly new Hall of Justice, there's a little dead-end alley off Folsom Street called Hallam Street. Off that alley there's an even smaller alley, also a dead end. That's Brush Place. O'Brien kept his boat in one of the garages in Brush Place that are rented out for that purpose.

Carl Hawkins, a mild-mannered black streetcar motorman, seems to have scraped O'Brien's boat trailer with his car. Hawkins immediately stopped and got out.

This is how all the witnesses who were not police described what happened next:

One thing quickly led to another. O'Brien yelled at Hawkins, "If you scrape my car, I'll shoot you!" People in the neighborhood, many of them black, came out or looked out their windows to see what was happening. Suddenly O'Brien pulled out his .38 and shouted, "Get your heads back in, niggers, or I'll kill all of you. I'll blow your heads off." Hawkins' wife went inside to phone the police; Mike's companion, Willis Garriott, went out toward Folsom Street on the same errand.

As Garriott returned with Special Patrol Officer Raymond Adkins (a private policeman, but one with a uniform and a gun), there was the sound of a shot and confusion in the street; O'Brien had three black men at gunpoint, their hands against the wall at the end of the alley. O'Brien was getting nastier by the minute; according to witnesses, he said, "I want to kill a nigger—I want to kill a nigger so goddamned bad I can taste it!"

A black truck driver and neighbor of Hawkins, George Baskett—five inches shorter than O'Brien and 75 pounds lighter—picked up a slat out of a chair back, a thin piece of wood about 23 inches long and about an inch and a half wide, and tried to knock the gun away from O'Brien. Garriott and the special cop had their guns out by now and watched as O'Brien growled, "Drop the stick, drop it, goddammit." He counted in a rapid cadence, "One . . . two . . . three. . . ." There was a sharp crack. The bullet ripped through Baskett's chest, severing a major artery. As Baskett lay moaning and dying in the street, O'Brien approached him. "Shut up, dammit," he growled, "shut up." He kicked at Baskett's side, turning his victim over on his back. Baskett's pregnant wife ran out toward her husband. "Get out of here, you black bitch," O'Brien shouted, forcing her down the street. Then he looked up at the black faces peering down from the windows above him. "Get your heads back in niggers," he shouted, "before I blow them off." Within minutes, Baskett, twenty-eight years old and the father of five children, was dead. Michael O'Brien had killed his nigger.

The police came, including San Francisco's head-cracking Tactical Squad. They immediately began questioning "suspects." They arrested Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hawkins, Mrs. Hawkins' son Richard Dickerson, and Otis Baskett, on charges of conspiracy, assault to commit murder, and assault with a deadly weapon. Then they helped the dazed O'Brien out of the alley and away from the angry crowd.

O'BRIEN OF COURSE WAS WHITE. And although he had never said so to anybody in Brush Place, that night or at any other time, Michael O'Brien was a cop.

"If he had only identified himself as a policeman," recalled the soft-spoken Carl Hawkins, a man of fifty, "this whole business would never have happened." And then—not apparently conscious himself of the ironic significance with which his words illuminated the growing chasm between law and people in the country as a whole—"People around here have a lot of respect for a police officer."

Within four hours of the shooting of George Baskett in Brush Place, the official police investigation of the incident had been conducted and concluded. The two officers who submitted the report admitted in court that it had been rewritten three times on the orders of their superior, Lieutenant Daniel Mahoney, who had specifically ordered them not to mention any witnesses other than the policemen present. The report concluded that the killing of Baskett was "justifiable homicide." It was only *after* reaching this conclusion that the police questioned the arrested blacks, who for three hours had been kept handcuffed in the paddy wagon outside the Hall of Justice. Early Monday morning, Chief Thomas Cahill told reporters that the whole affair was a "sad situation," but

By Art Goldberg and Gene Marine

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[Dramatis Personae]

George Baskett, deceased

George Baskett's widow, Charmaine, with their children

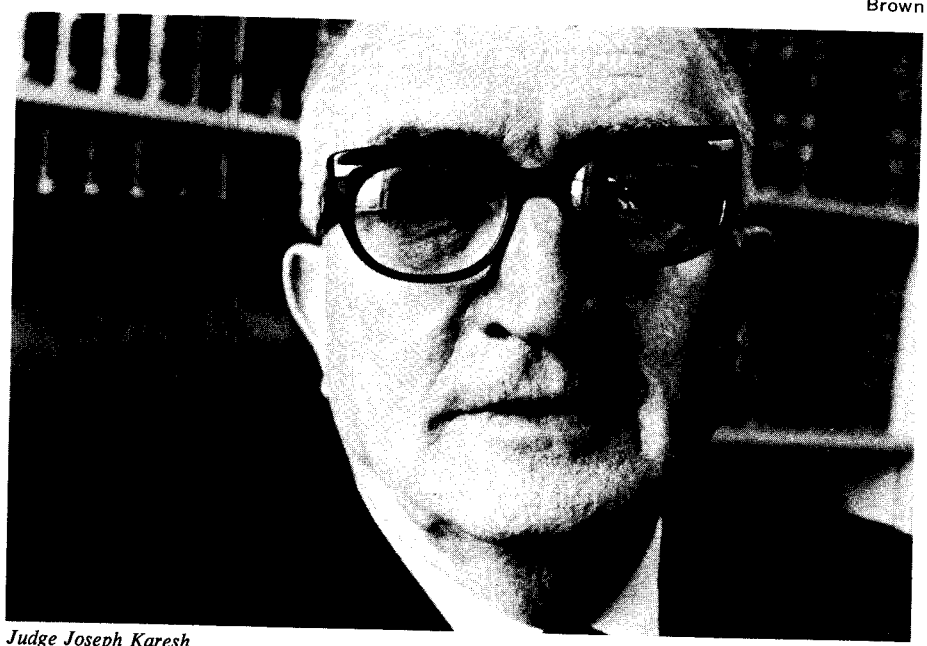
Shames

Defense attorney, Jake Ehrlich

Brown

al

Michael O'Brien, the killer



Judge Joseph Karesh

Shames

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"a man has a right to defend himself." He termed the shooting "accidental" and informed them that his own private investigation was closed.

But it was soon clear that sweeping the "accident" under the rug was not going to be quite so easy. Word had spread fast, and an aroused black community was soon denouncing Cahill's expeditious review of the case as a police department "whitewash." On top of this came some exceptional newspaper reporting by two local journalists, Birney Jarvis and Charles Raudebaugh. The police story stank. They knew it and they said so—on the front pages of the San Francisco Chronicle.

By October 1, Cahill was forced to announce a reopening of the investigation. On October 9, Michael O'Brien was arrested and formally charged with murder.

In these times of popular backlash against "coddling" of accused criminals, it is instructive to note what kind of support is available to a rank-and-file policeman with no "connections" who has killed a black citizen. First, of course, there are his comrades-in-arms, who came through with two crucial commodities: money and testimony.

The accused O'Brien had other help. He did not, for instance, have to resort to the public defender or to penny ante private counsel. The earliest moves in his case were handled by prominent San Francisco attorney Edward Dullea. Dullea's brother is president of the prestigious Catholic University of San Francisco, whose law school has given the city a large proportion of its judges (including Judge Karesh, who ended up trying the case). The father of the Dullea brothers was a former San Francisco chief of police.

But Dullea was soon replaced on the case by his even more prominent partner—through whom still other lines of influential support became available to the humble cop—the fire-eating, legendary trial lawyer, Jake Ehrlich.

[THE LEGEND OF SAM BENEDICT]

JAKE EHRLICH IS THE Best Criminal Lawyer in San Francisco. That doesn't mean that he is the best criminal lawyer in San Francisco; it means that that's his local title, though it rests mostly on past laurels—he doesn't have to work much any more. His reputation rests on the fact that, while he has occasionally compromised on conviction for manslaughter, he has never had a client convicted of murder—and he's handled over 50 murder cases.

The reason he doesn't have to work is that he's a member—possibly even a charter member—of the San Francisco Establishment.

This has brought him into contact, and ultimately into friendship, with financier Louis Lurie, who juggles local hotels as a hobby. According to Ehrlich, Lurie is "the owner of more real estate than the Department of the Interior." For a couple of generations or so, Jake has been putting a buck wherever Lurie puts ten, and that's been a painless way to amass a sizable bundle.

Jake is a liberal. He took on Senator McClellan when he criticized use of the Fifth Amendment. He defended poets Allen Ginsberg and Lawrence Ferlinghetti against obscenity charges concerning "Howl." He did a lot of other things that might have led someone to think that his life would make a great movie.

It never did, but it did make a television series, starring Edmond O'Brien. They called it "Sam Benedict," because the incipiently portly actor could hardly play tiny, skinny Jake; besides, Eddie would have had to play a lawyer who by now is over seventy.

Ehrlich is also, now and for some time past, the attorney for the Police Officers' Association—a voluntary organization which, when you become a cop, you join if you're white and stay away from if you aren't.

One of the things that Ehrlich has going for him is that any jury that could conceivably be put together in San Francisco is going to be in awe just because it's the nearly legendary Jake Ehrlich before the bench. He's not only Sam Benedict; he's Perry Mason, Judd, and the Defenders, all at once.

Another thing about Jake is that he will use whatever will win; if racism will win, he'll use that. And so he did. He played it like a fiddle.

Although almost everyone had assumed that murder is unbailable in California, a municipal judge released O'Brien after he was booked. Black leaders were furious, and the noise was so loud for a day or so that a second municipal judge overruled his colleague and ordered O'Brien back to jail.

Then Ehrlich moved in, going up to Superior Court where he obtained a ruling granting $25,000 bail. "This man is not going to run," the judge explained.

Half the bail came from a bail bondsman. The other half was put up by Louis Lurie. "If this is a murder case," Ehrlich's friend told a reporter, "I'm the Pope of Rome."

He's not; and Michael O'Brien never was, and never will be, tried for the murder of George Baskett.

The Grand Jury members, as always, were prosperous middle-class, predominantly white, and predominantly male. They meet in closed session and the district attorney tells them pretty much what he wants them to know.

After hearing witnesses, the Grand Jury deliberated for 15 minutes and indicted Michael O'Brien—not for murder, but for manslaughter.

The foreman said that, in the light of the testimony, there wasn't that much difference between murder and manslaughter in this case. (Huey Newton, who was ultimately convicted of manslaughter, was indicted for first degree murder by the Alameda County Grand Jury across the bay, without benefit of eyewitness testimony or a murder weapon.)

The city's black leaders hit the roof. A blistering statement was issued charging that law enforcement agencies had "connived and conspired to thwart justice."

Jake Ehrlich, on the other hand, had the grace to concede that manslaughter is a better rap than murder, though he still insisted it was justifiable homicide. "But this is one of those political footballs," he went on. "Everyone wants to be heard, and all they're doing is creating class feelings."

O'Brien's bail was reduced to $3125.

[THE JUDGE]

SUPERIOR COURT JUDGE JOSEPH KARESH grew up in South Carolina, but that does not make him a bigot. In fact, he is proud of the fact that his father, a rabbi, taught Hebrew to the local black ministers. Like Jake Ehrlich and Mayor Joseph Alioto, Karesh is a liberal. When a proba-

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tion officer was fired for having a beard, Karesh ordered him rehired with back pay. He ruled that the city could have topless joints and ordered the police to allow performances of Michael McClure's play, "The Beard."

He has, however, a couple of minor hang-ups. He doesn't like student dissidents, he loves cops, and he appears to have a somewhat racist way of not being a bigot.

One local attorney recalls, "In many previous dealings I had with Karesh, he seemed to have a very strong block against perceiving that any policeman could be guilty of any misconduct. One sure way to arouse his anger would be to suggest that the police were guilty of any impropriety. It would sort of destroy his world if he thought O'Brien really called those people 'niggers' or shot to kill."

And a local reporter notes that, ". . . in his chambers he'd cut up prosecution witnesses, and talk about how the blacks are getting away with everything, how juries are afraid to convict them, how they are arrested one day and walk away free the next day."

[THE BLACK-WHITE ENTANGLEMENT]

ON JANUARY 13, 1969, IN THE SUPERIOR COURT of California, Joseph Karesh presiding, Michael O'Brien went on trial for manslaughter in the death of George Baskett.

Two days later George Baskett's sixth child was born.

It took only one day to choose a jury. Ehrlich used two peremptory challenges; one eliminated airlines supervisor George A. Buckner Jr., the only black called. No "personal reflection," said Ehrlich.

Similarly, *any* lawyer can insure an all white jury by use of his allotment of peremptory challenges, which the judge cannot review.

Ehrlich made it quite clear, when questioning jurors, what the trial was going to be about. A key issue, he said, would be "this black-white entanglement." Judge Karesh found nothing to criticize in that formulation.

Attention on the second day focused on Elizabeth Hawkins, a tall, striking woman who said flatly that she had watched Michael O'Brien deliberately murder George Baskett. The next day, Ehrlich moved in, contempt dripping from his tiny frame. He accused Mrs. Hawkins of having lied outright on three occasions.

But she refused to be Ehrlich's pigeon. After she insisted again that she had seen O'Brien kick the dying Baskett:

Ehrlich: "What kind of shoes did O'Brien have on?"

Mrs. Hawkins: "Sneakers, I think."

Ehrlich: "Then he couldn't have hurt Baskett much if he kicked him, could he?"

Mrs. Hawkins: "I have no idea—I have never been shot and then kicked."

Carl Hawkins followed his wife to the stand and corroborated her story, with additional details. During the early part of the incident, he said, his stepson, Richard Dickerson, had arrived and asked a neighbor, Mrs. Anne Thomas, what was going on.

"Your father's having trouble with the white man," she replied.

That, she testified, angered O'Brien further. "Shut up, you goddamn nigger bitch!" he yelled.

Mrs. Thomas promptly yelled back, "Ask God why he made me a nigger bitch and made you a honky."

Baskett had picked up a stick and tried to use it to knock the pistol from O'Brien's hand, but O'Brien ordered him to drop it and began to count.

"O'Brien," Hawkins testified, "extended his arm, braced his right arm with his left hand to steady the pistol, and fired one shot. I saw the flash of the gun."

Otis Baskett, the dead man's brother, appeared and told the same story.

Ehrlich tore into him, shouting that he was a "professional liar." Assistant District Attorney Walter Giubbini, who prosecuted the case, called the use of the phrase "disgusting." Karesh, however, let Ehrlich rant.

But the next witness—Special Officer Adkins—had seen none of this at all. What *he* had seen was a silent confrontation, no words at all, in which Baskett was beating O'Brien on the head. "O'Brien stumbled backwards, kind of shaking his head. Mr. Baskett was preparing to strike him again when the gun discharged." Later he said that O'Brien was "tensing up, trying to regain his balance," but that he was off balance and "backpedaling," leaning backward with his gun "straight out in his hand," when it went off.

On redirect examination Adkins admitted to consulting with Ehrlich about a week after the shooting. The police department had been "harassing" him to talk to the district attorney, he explained. Ehrlich interrupted to say that he had advised Adkins only to tell the truth.

Dickerson's turn came next, and his story varied from that of the other black witnesses only in the quotation from O'Brien, which he remembered as, "Drop it—drop it, goddamn it, nigger, I'll kill you." Then the count.

The score, by witnesses, was: four who matched each other almost exactly, one who differed. Up to this point memory divided along racial lines.

[THE TRAITOR TO HIS RACE]

DAVID ANDERSON, THE EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD son of an elementary school principal, testified that he was listening to a rock record "when I heard shots and a big commotion." He went up on his roof, which commanded an excellent view of Brush Place, to see what was going on, and he told the court what he saw.

David Anderson is not only white, he's "clean": his father's professional job is in San Leandro, just south of Oakland across the bay, and the family lives in the pristine suburb of Castro Valley. Anderson had taken his apartment while going to college.

From the roof, he said, he saw three black men spread-eagled against the wall and a white man with a gun; he identified the white man as O'Brien. Then, Anderson went on, a fourth black picked up a stick and swung it, hitting O'Brien either in the left side or on the left elbow. As Baskett backed away, crouching, O'Brien deliberately shot him.

Shortly thereafter, he went on, O'Brien held his gun on one of the men leaning against the wall, and deliberately kicked him in the seat of the pants. "Just give me an excuse—just give me a reason and I'll shoot you!" O'Brien was quoted as shouting. Then O'Brien moved back and yelled at the people looking out of the apartments to get their heads back in.

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Ehrlich was faced with a calm and believable young witness, and one who was white—apparently beyond the reach of simple racism. But he knew his judge, and he knew his jurors. The key lay in Anderson's attendance at San Francisco State College, and the possibility of making the young man appear a traitor to his race.

Ehrlich immediately asked whether Anderson was participating in the strike there; Anderson answered that he was. There followed a barrage of questions about Black Panthers, hair, SDS, prejudice, and a number of other subjects, none of which were particularly relevant, though they seemed to fascinate the judge, and Giubbini gave up trying to stem the flow.

What Anderson actually said was fairly mild. He is not a member of Students for a Democratic Society, though he is in sympathy with some of its aims (which no one asked about). He thinks students and teachers have a right to strike. He hopes the strike will help to end institutional racism.

But this alone doesn't convey the effect. Ehrlich met Giubbini's objection to the whole line of questioning by saying that he was trying to prove bias, because "these people who are part of SDS think every white policeman is a pig." He asked Anderson: "If there is any feeling between white man and black man, you are standing against the white man?"

Ehrlich kept Anderson on the stand for two more days, hammering at left-wing associations that weren't there and ideas that Anderson refused to agree with. He demanded that Anderson show his draft card and pretended surprise when Anderson produced one.

Having raised the specter of SDS, the bombastic attorney made another try, this time with the Black Panthers. He asked whether Anderson knew Richard E. Brown, a Panther who had given a lower apartment in the same building as his address when arrested five times between March and November, 1968. Anderson said he didn't know Brown, but that he had moved into the building in September and that no blacks lived there.

Finally, Ehrlich said that he "had been informed" that a police report, dated the night after the shooting, involved Anderson's apartment, and that the report said a black youth was living with Anderson and his white roommate, David Dixon, and that the apartment was decorated with "Free Huey," "Black Revolution" and Che Guevara posters. Anderson merely noted that his apartment is decorated with travel posters, not revolutionary posters, and that he and Dixon have no other roommate.

BY A STRANGE COINCIDENCE, the Tactical Squad was called out in the area of Rodgers Street "to protect fire engines against possible sniper fire" on the night following the Brush Place shooting. And a couple of the boys just happened to bust into the front of, and out the back of, 35 Rodgers Street, where that stupid white punk lived who had backed up the black people's story about what happened the night before.

When they busted in, one Tac Squad member testified, he saw somebody else going out the back; he trained his pistol on the man and told him to stop—then discovered that it was Richard Brown, who cried out, "We live here, we live here."

The cops were there, of course, without a warrant, without any cause to break into the apartment, and without permission. They didn't even call out that they were police.

John Coate is white, but he has long hair and is obviously another traitor to his race. Coate, it seems, was visiting David Anderson on the night of September 30, when the Tac Squad came, and he said there was no black man there and no revolutionary posters on the walls. Ehrlich decided Coate was biased against the police, too, and started on the same bit with questions about State; Coate replied that he believes in nonviolence and is opposed to both police and student violence on the campus. Anderson, he said, is "a rather conscientious person who cares about the world in which he lives."

And the jury apparently just plain didn't hear Anderson's father, the school principal, because he was there that night too, and while he left before the cops came, he left Coate and Anderson and Dixon alone. He also described the posters on the wall. He could describe them, he said, because he had provided them—they were travel posters.

At one point during the testimony, Ehrlich found reason to thunder an accusation which, in its wording, effectively let the jury know which side Anderson was supposed to be on. "This is a white and black fight," Ehrlich shouted. "This man Anderson is an unmitigated liar. Any man who would sit there and lie a man's life away is not entitled to a fair trial—he should be taken out and shot."

For this bit of legal theory from the city's foremost criminal attorney, the judge had not a word of rebuke.

But that wasn't Ehrlich's most extravagant shot for the day. He made his position, his tactics and his opinion of the judge all very clear just a short time later, when a Tac Squad officer said that he believed Richard Brown was in the courtroom.

Ehrlich strode to the railing separating the spectators from the front of the court, leaned over, and bellowed, "What's your name? Stand up, *boy!*"

There were some audible gasps in the courtroom, but Ehrlich ignored them. The black youth, after a brief but obvious struggle for control, said quietly, "My name is not 'boy.' My name is Richard Brown."

Ehrlich walked back to the counsel table, threw himself into the chair, and said, "Why don't you lock him up?" That's a little obscure, but that's what he said.

Judge Karesh leaned solicitously forward and said, "I'm sure you didn't mean to offend anybody, Mr. Ehrlich."

Jake took the cue and leaped up again. Facing the jury, he thundered, "Some black people seem to think it disgraceful to be called 'boy.' My grandfather and father called me that. What's wrong with it? I don't understand this childish, infantile feeling. I have defended these people many times without fee. I have no hatred for these people, no feeling for them at all. But I won't take any backtalk out of them, either!"

Karesh finally decided that maybe it was time for the jury to leave. When they were gone, he repeated to Ehrlich, "I did not mean to imply earlier that you meant any offense to anyone."

[O'BRIEN'S TESTIMONY]

MICHAEL O'BRIEN TOLD HIS OWN STORY earnestly and well. He'd had a few nips of the Red Mountain burgundy, it was true, but he wasn't drunk at all. He would never do a thing like theatening a girl with a long walk home—he was only a little put out because she had turned moody and was spoiling his "fun day."

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When Baskett attacked him with a stick, he said, he tried to shoot him "between the knee and the thigh, but the gun clicked and didn't go off," so he thought it was empty.

"Here's this man with a club," O'Brien explained. "He made a real lunge at me. I backed away but he caught me across the right side of the head. I fell backward and hit the ground. As I'm falling backward the gun discharged."

The stick, he said, looked bigger in the alley.

And, when they told him in the police station that Baskett was dead, he said, "I couldn't talk any more. I was crying."

He also said that his "Gas Huey" tie clip (which he wore in the Hunter's Point ghetto during Huey Newton's trial) was only a gag. It didn't have anything to do with gassing Huey.

O'Brien was convincing, and the jury probably didn't pay all that much attention to the one serious use of physical evidence by Giubbini, who asked O'Brien to demonstrate what had happened.

When he demonstrated, his gun arm—inevitably—moved upward. Giubbini quietly pointed out that 1) the bullet that killed Baskett traveled *downward*, and 2) there were no powder burns on Baskett's clothes, as there would have had to have been according to O'Brien's reenaction. (A .38 police revolver will spray powder into clothing three feet away. It's hard to hit a guy over the head with a 23-inch stick from more than three feet away.)

Giubbini got in a description of another episode in O'Brien's life—when on a drinking spree at a Broadway topless joint called Pierre's, he took off after a topless waitress and chased her into her dressing room, waving his .38 all the way. O'Brien tried to say that it was a water pistol, then backtracked when Giubbini seemed to know what he was talking about. But after hearing it all, Karesh decided it was irrelevant and ruled the whole thing inadmissible.

The rest of the witnesses all supported the prosecution in one way or another, and several demonstrated that there was a conscious attempt to alter evidence in O'Brien's favor. But by then the jury had the message: black people lie; white people tell the truth, unless they're traitors to their race and belong to SDS and fraternize with Black Panthers, in which case they lie about that too.

Finally, nobody listened when Giubbini—who had started out in mild-mannered enough fashion, but who got increasingly incensed as he watched the Ehrlich-Karesh racism tandem—blasted the police department for the errors and omissions in its reports and investigations, and said that the original report (written without any black witnesses having been questioned) showed "some effort to . . . reflect what the lieutenant thought it should reflect, not what the facts were. . . We're talking," he told the jury, "about credibility in this case. We have to keep our eyes open."

But he was the only one talking about credibility. The others were talking about niggers.

[HYENAS]

JAKE EHRLICH SPENT SIX DAYS on his summation. Not preparing it—*giving* it. It was the longest defense summation in the history of San Francisco criminal law. It was also the most vicious, bigoted, nauseating, low and piggish performance any local courtroom has ever seen. Contrary to press suggestions, it was not racist; it was nothing that subtle. It is a disgrace to the Bar that the Bar Association did not meet the next day with censure and possible disbarment in mind; it is a disgrace to the bench that Joseph Karesh was not hounded out of his robes—and out of town as well—for letting it happen. Any Mississippi backwoods judge in the past ten years would have told an attorney making the same speech to tone it down.

Ehrlich started things off by referring to Brush Place as "a hellhole, with 200 hyenas in there."

He slashed at Alioto for "ordering" the trial because the mayor is "looking for the minority vote."

Banging on a lectern with the stick used by Baskett, he shouted, "Mike didn't do what I would have done. I would have shot him then and there. But he backed away, remembering his policeman's training."

Mrs. Hawkins, he shouted, "should be in jail for perjury. The blood of Baskett is on her hands. I don't know how she can sleep at night."

He repeatedly returned to racism, and told the jury that the residents of Brush Place had manufactured "a false facade of lies, chicanery and trickery," and that Giubbini had "patched up all these stories to make them fit one mold." The "litany of lies" was to be expected, however: "You must realize we're dealing here with people of little or no moral honesty or integrity."

Carl Hawkins, in Ehrlich's peroration, became "Mr. Holier than Thou," "Old Mr. Prayer Meeting" and, most often, "The Deacon," after Ehrlich said that Hawkins reminded him of "the old prayer meetings down home." Hawkins "manufactured" the story of O'Brien kicking Baskett, Ehrlich said, and was in any case "a sanctimonious little liar."

In the middle of the attack on Hawkins, Ehrlich suddenly said, "I'd better stick to the record; otherwise, I'll be accused . . . of being a racist or something."

"These people," Ehrlich told the jury, apparently relishing the hated phrase, "would have killed . . . O'Brien, and they would have killed you, too, if you'd been there. They have absolutely no respect for an oath, the truth or for common decency. They would just as soon sacrifice you as they did this boy here."

Otis Baskett, whom Ehrlich accused of "bobbing, weaving and double-talking," became "that big phony." And what David Anderson became was something else again.

"This boy is a member of SDS and hates police as sure as I'm standing here. He hates them and would shoot them if he had a chance. . . . [He] is a vicious young punk who wants to destroy our government . . . our homes, our children, 200 years of American democracy and the flag and all that stands for."

But it wasn't America that Ehrlich wanted the jury to see Anderson as betraying; that was incidental.

"I can realize our black brethren sticking together," the tiny lawyer intoned. "They do things I don't approve of, but I can understand. What I can't understand is Anderson coming apparently from a good home and selling his soul to prove his hatred for a policeman, what he calls a pig." (Anderson testified that he never uses the term "pig.")

Ehrlich called one or another witness "liar," "punk," "knucklehead," "little fool," "perjurer," "killer." He charged that Giubbini had deliberately implied that all 19 policemen

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who testified were liars and had "manufactured evidence," and he added, "This breaks my heart when I see it."

Finally, he wound up with an almost tearful plea for poor victimized Mike O'Brien, begging, "Don't sacrifice this boy on the altar of chicanery to get a few lousy, dirty votes. If you don't find O'Brien not guilty, there is only one answer—the Golden Gate Bridge." He didn't say for whom.

Unaccountably, Ehrlich and Giubbini seem to have made an agreement in advance not to interrupt each other's closing statements—and Giubbini is a gentleman, though it must have taken considerable effort.

For Judge Karesh, there is not even that excuse. He sought to interrupt Ehrlich only when Ehrlich launched into a tirade against the Chronicle, and then only on the grounds that the jury had been instructed to avoid or ignore all mention of communications media during the trial!

One lawyer who was there put his opinion graphically: "Any judge with any balls would have cut Ehrlich off right away. A member of the Bar is not allowed to make racist remarks." A reporter who was at many of the trial sessions said that Karesh's role in the entire trial was vital: "The judge practically turned into a defense attorney" (the same reporter also called Ehrlich "a racist of the Bilbo type" and said that "at times, the word 'nigger' slipped out of his mouth accidentally").

The jury reported itself deadlocked, ten to two (for acquittal, it turned out), but the judge sent them back. The jury asked for instruction as to whether they should give weight to O'Brien's police training—whether, in effect, they should expect more restraint from him than from an ordinary twenty-seven-year-old kid with a gun and a jug of Red Mountain. The judge refused to give such an instruction (Giubbini wanted it, Ehrlich didn't); shortly thereafter the jury acquitted Michael O'Brien.

[HOW IT HAPPENED HERE]

"For two or three years there was wonderful rapport between the blacks and the police department. The police weren't shooting at people, and they weren't getting shot at."

—FORMER S.F. POLICE LIEUTENANT DAN ANDREOTTI

AFTER O'BRIEN WAS INDICTED, Reverend Hamilton Boswell said, "We hope you white folk mean business when you say law and order and equality for *all*." But the O'Brien incident and the trial reveal instead a case study of the distortions of justice that are produced by a pervasive crisis of authority in American cities: the growing independent power of the police, who are so determined to "protect their own" and so virulent in their racism that they assert a virtual license to kill; and the politicians and the legal system that go along, essentially granting that license. To understand the way the O'Brien case played itself out, one must see how the conditions that set the stage for it came about.

Thomas Cahill was lifted to the top echelon of the S.F. Police Department on a wave of reform that shook the department up in the mid-1950's. He was noted then for the integrity he had shown working in Senator Estes Kefauver's famous crime investigation in 1950-1951. And he was remembered even better for the case of Inez Burns, an abortionist who had offered him and his partner a quarter-million-dollar payoff. They turned it down. The partner was named chief in February 1956, and Cahill succeeded him when he died in September, 1958.

As the 1960's began, Chief Cahill started to feel the pressure of the rising consciousness of the civil rights movement fused with the insistence of its leaders that something be done to make the police more sensitive to the needs of the black community. In 1962, without much personal enthusiasm, he established the police Community Relations Unit (CRU). To head up the new program he chose Lieutenant Dante (Dan) Andreotti, a native San Franciscan and a man who had spent 21 years on the police force. Andreotti was directed by Cahill to go out into the community and "teach respect for law and order." For this task he was given one assistant. "I was naive," Andreotti now recalls.

Andreotti started out by holding meetings and giving speeches. But he found that that approach didn't work, so he started bucking for more men (he ultimately got 15) and set them not to talking, but to listening—and helping. "To be effective, we had to address ourselves to social problems that could lead to police problems. We had to be involved, get around, know what the order of the community was. We practically lived in the neighborhoods."

CRU men went along on job interviews with men who had minor police records, explaining to employers the meaning of the records and persuading them not to bar applicants from jobs. The policeman could indicate which offenses were minor, or where there were extenuating circumstances. In one case, a young man was under the impression he had been convicted of rape, which made finding a good job almost impossible. In checking his record, the community relations officer found out that the individual had been *arrested* and charged with rape, but that the charges were later dismissed. Andreotti's men would sometimes make court appearances for defendants, urging judges to parole people who could be found jobs. They would also try to have the arrest records of juveniles expunged or permanently closed. The CRU also raised money for things like a recreation center and for clothing for job applicants.

The CRU worked with blacks, Latinos, Orientals and, eventually, the hippies of the Haight-Ashbury. Not only "community leaders" but the "brothers on the block" came to welcome them as friends.

Inside the department, however, things were not going as well. Cahill continued to defend CRU against outside criticism, but privately his support turned lukewarm and then cool. Many observers claim that the chief was responding to pressures from below. One says flatly: "Chief Cahill doesn't run the department. The Police Officers Association does." And most of the police force hated the CRU.

Lieutenant Andreotti had little trouble personally, but his staff caught hell—"commie-relations department" and "nigger-lovers" were the most common terms. Andreotti's troubles came on another level, with the station captains and with "downtown." There were four black officers in the unit and when Andreotti asked for more blacks, Cahill refused, saying there were too many in the unit already. A neighborhood community relations committee held a Christmas party, and Andreotti invited the entire force; not one cop showed up.

Andreotti is quick to point out that it wasn't just his fellow cops. The mayor never came to a community relations

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meeting. A form letter to 4500 members of a merchants' association, regarding summer jobs for blacks, got no jobs, summer or otherwise; the same plea on TV brought only hate mail.

In September of 1966, a San Francisco policeman shot and killed an unarmed fifteen-year-old black, Matthew Johnson, who was running from a stolen car. A wave of anger swept through the Hunter's Point ghetto and the surrounding area. The cops and National Guardsmen, riot-alerted that year, swept along outer Third Street, the neighborhood's principal artery, turning a minor disturbance into a "riot." There was a lot of shooting—almost all of it by cops at unarmed people—but no one was killed except Johnson.

It would undoubtedly have been far worse had it not been for the CRU people who rushed to the scene and the "cool it" work of several groups of young people with whom the mayor's office had been maintaining contact (one youth had just succeeded in calming and turning back an angry group of blacks when a police bullet hit him in the back). Still, to the nation's press it was a "riot," and Big Red Cahill was furious. "I'll know how to handle this situation the next time," he stormed to Andreotti. "After all I did for those people! I was the only police chief in the country without a riot! They spoiled my record!"

IN AUGUST 1967, ANDREOTTI RETIRED from the police department after 27 years of service. He retired because he felt the community relations program was being undermined, and because he felt he could no longer be effective in a "general white-racist atmosphere." Andreotti now works for the Community Relations Service of the U.S. Department of Justice. Thinking back to the John Birch Society literature he saw on some station house bulletin boards in San Francisco, and the big picture of the Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan labeled "Our Hero" which he observed in at least one precinct, he now says, "Our war was with the police department."

Andreotti's own experience convinced him that "the majority of police opposed the concepts of equal opportunity in housing, education and employment long before civil disorders. and violence struck our cities." When these disorders did erupt, as in the Hunter's Point incident of 1966, the police response was to use the occasion as an excuse to expand their forces. Thus in the wake of the police killing of Matthew Johnson, Cahill persuaded then San Francisco Mayor John Shelley to allow the creation of a Tactical Squad, an "elite" group of troubleshooters with training in judo and karate—but not in community relations.

Another good index of the change in priorities in the police department is provided by Los Angeles' recently resigned police chief, Tom Reddin, who says Cahill told him that "a few years ago, 95 per cent of our intelligence work used to go towards combatting organized crime. Now, 95 per cent of our intelligence work is in civil rights and riots." No wonder J. Edgar Hoover thinks that "Tom Cahill is one of the finest police chiefs in this country."

Cahill would never admit it, but he probably owes his job and whatever prestige he has to Dan Andreotti. Andreotti made Cahill and the SFPD nationally known for "community relations" work. A President's commission praised the department for opening "new communication channels with community segments never before considered 'reachable.' " Cahill was rewarded with a vice presidency in the International Association of Chiefs of Police (IACP), which is one of those outfits in which the various officers all move up one notch each year. This past September, the same month in which George Baskett was shot, Cahill moved to the presidency of the organization.

Even his vice presidency in the IACP might not have saved Cahill's job back in 1963-64, when John Shelley was elected mayor of San Francisco and wanted to replace Cahill. Cahill, who needed four more years to be eligible for a police chief's pension, asked Andreotti to go to black community leaders and seek their support for his efforts to stay on as chief. "For two or three years there was wonderful rapport between the blacks and the police department," Andreotti said. "The police weren't shooting at people, and they weren't getting shot at. Cahill was going along with the liberal, even the radical ideas the Community Relations Unit came up with. I went to the black leaders and told them the chief was learning more about race relations every day. They went along with Cahill. As soon as Cahill got his 25 years in, in 1967, he began to emasculate the police Community Relations Unit. We were taken."

[WHO POLICES THE POLICE?]

JOSEPH ALIOTO IS A CLASSIC BIG CITY MAYOR in the liberal Democratic tradition. (The Christian Science Monitor has referred to him as "Lindsay West.") He sticks firm with the regulars and went to Chicago to second Hubert Humphrey's nomination at the convention last year. Alioto relies on the liberal political base of ethnic consensus, and is therefore profoundly threatened by being held accountable for gratuitous, racially provocative police violence. Yet here, as in other American cities caught in a rising spiral of urban violence, the liberal politicians have increasingly lost control over the police, who have emerged as a formidable, vindictive and independent political power. This was made clear in New York when the police dealt a crushing blow to the review board proposal backed by political leaders from Lindsay to Jacob Javits and Bobby Kennedy, defeating it by two to one in a city-wide referendum campaign heavy with racism. For Alioto, the aggressive power of the police has made it increasingly difficult to pull together the team of ethnic constituencies that he hopes to ride to the governorship and beyond.

Two things of importance happened in the San Francisco Police Department during 1967, the year of Alioto's election. Dante Andreotti quit. And a few days after the election, Chief Cahill signed his General Order 105, creating the Tac Squad in its present Mace-carrying, paramilitary form as the department's super-bullies.

Actually, it was the liberal Alioto who gave the green light to the new special forces. As a member of Alioto's family explained it afterwards to one reporter: "When my uncle got elected last November he thought he needed to take advantage of the contacts he had built up within the department over the years. He knew he could cause a split in the 'Irish Mafia' that controlled the cops because he had several good friends, from college and all, who were on his side, but what he had to do was create a public climate within the department that would be favorable to him. So he gave the go-ahead to Cahill both to stay on as chief, and to remake

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the Tactical Squad into the kind of a thing the other cops would really dig. This would not only give him good entrée to the cops but would solidify the Republicans and right-wingers in the city behind him as mayor." It wasn't until a city-wide newspaper strike began in January 1968, that the squad got its real chance to practice.

The first opportunity was a demonstration outside the Fairmont Hotel, on top of Nob Hill, on the occasion of a speech inside the hotel by then Secretary of State Dean Rusk. Demonstrators threw bags of blood at the hotel and some of them were prepared to be arrested. But no one was ready for the club-swinging, head-cracking police riot that followed.

We shall forego description; you have read such descriptions before. Let us merely say that this was a bad one, and there are several lawsuits pending from that night.

Alioto, who had only television to contend with, said that he didn't believe there was any police brutality and characterized the demonstrators as "neofascist storm troopers."

The abandoned behavior of the Tac Squad was a clear projection of the mayor's political strategy with the police: to consolidate his base by winning them over (from Cahill) with a free hand and a blanket endorsement.

A few weeks later the Tac Squad struck again, this time in the Haight-Ashbury, where they simply ran a "sweep" of Haight Street and beat the hell out of everybody in sight, young or old, male or female, hippie or straight, including a few undercover cops and a couple of reporters.

Alioto was again quick to defend the marauding forces against irresponsible charges of police brutality. Having resolved to replace Cahill, he was getting ready to make his move. In August, the mayor had Terry Francois, a black member of the Board of Supervisors who is a close political ally of his, float a trial balloon. With Alioto out of town for a speech, Francois, acting mayor for the period, publicly stated that Tom Cahill should be replaced. The outcry from San Francisco's prominent and politically powerful business interests was strong enough for Alioto to hear all the way in New York, where he was speaking. On top of that, about 15 top men in the police department, all Cahill appointees, threatened to quit. (Patronage is a prime source of the police chief's power. All inspectors, and the commanding officers of stations, units and bureaus in the San Francisco Police Department serve by the appointment of the chief.)

The rank and file Police Officers Association was also unhappy and made its views known. What the thoughts of the Catholic Archdiocese of San Francisco were on the matter is not known, but since that body is thought to have a veto power over who actually heads the police department, it is assumed that Alioto heard plenty. In any case, his trial balloon collapsed, and no more criticism of Cahill was heard from City Hall.

So by late September 1968, when Patrolman O'Brien and George Baskett squared off—gun to wooden stick—in Brush Place, Cahill was firmly in command of the police and the police were beyond mayoral reproach. When two Tac Squad officers went berserk in San Francisco's Mission District earlier in the month, and a commission of inquiry was called, it was Alioto who made certain that the commission did not lay the ground for a police review board. No one could have been more satisfied by the mayor's performance than Cahill, who two years earlier, in a tirade before the San Francisco Press Club, proclaimed: "The day this town has a police review board, I'll quit. The police department can investigate any charges of malpractice against a policeman."

[AFTERMATH]

MICHAEL O'BRIEN WAS FREED ON MARCH 20. On March 30, Patrolman Gerald Roberts, with his gun drawn, chased Alvert Joe Linthcome into a record shop, erroneously suspecting him of stealing a car. Linthcome's younger sister, who was standing outside the store, screamed at Roberts, "Don't shoot him, please, don't shoot him."

Linthcome, black, nineteen, and unarmed, turned around and put his elbows on the counter behind him. Roberts stepped into the doorway and killed him. The police, and ultimately the coroner, said it was justifiable homicide. Patrolman Roberts said, "I thought he had a gun."

John L. Brennan, attorney for the Linthcome family, has been denied permission to see the police report on the case. Elmo E. Ferrari, president of the civilian Police Commission, told him: "I'm sure Chief Cahill will give you all the documents he thinks you should have. . . . We'll leave this in the chief's good hands."

The polarization deepens at all levels. The mayor courts the backlash by spewing hysteria about the Black Panthers: he informs a Presbyterian group that the Panthers' ten-point program calls for "robbing and raping." The police raid the Panther office in force, on the pretext of a sound permit violation, sparking a near riot in the angry neighborhood that is quelled, according to reporters, only by the Panthers themselves. The mayor is not impressed: "The young men who did react so quickly and so well were probably mistaken for Panthers."

A group called Officers for Justice is formed representing nearly all of the city's 78 black policemen—the highest ranking blacks are two sergeants, the total police force is 1800—as an alternative to the white Police Officers Association. The new group cheers Reverend Cecil Williams when he calls the POA "the most racist organization we have in San Francisco." The businessmen's Downtown Association on the other hand cosponsors with the POA a testimonial dinner for O'Brien's attorney, Jake Ehrlich.

One black policeman, Robert Jeffrey, on the force for more than four years, resigned four days after George Baskett was killed, saying, ". . . I can no longer be the recipient of this hatred and outright prejudice. . . . I can no longer go forth into the community and tell the people of the ghetto areas that everything is all right if we just wait a little longer."

A few years ago in the South, blacks refusing any longer to wait and trust in the white man's justice to protect them, armed and organized themselves into the Deacons for Defense. Northern liberals, convinced that no other channel of justice existed for the black man in the South, reluctantly accepted this. Now they must face the fact that if the liberal cities of the North are going to practice Mississippi justice, a similar response from northern blacks may have to be accepted as well.

Gene Marine, coauthor of this article, is the author of America the Raped (*Simon & Schuster*) *and* The Black Panthers, *soon to be published by New American Library.*

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IRELAND'S 'NIGGERS'

Kocian

"Bernadette Devlin stepped out of the turmoil of Northern Ireland and into parliamentary history yesterday with a maiden speech that broke every precedent and awed every member of the House of Commons."

WITH THESE WORDS THE PRESS described how the youngest woman MP (Member of Parliament) in British history, a radical civil rights activist from Northern Ireland, stunned her parliamentary elders by speaking out on her first day in the House on a controversial subject: the revolutionary movement which had brought her to office and the 50 years of oppression in Northern Ireland which had made that movement necessary.

The Irish are to England what the Indians are to America. Their land was pillaged and its inhabitants were forced to take refuge in its barren corners or be reduced to servility. Any native development was utterly destroyed by ruthless economic measures. The crowning achievement of this policy was the famine of the late 1840's, as a result of which the population of Ireland today is about half of what it was 120 years ago. From the 17th century onward this backward Catholic country was "settled" by English Protestants, who had their last fling in 1920 when the "British SS," the Black-and-Tans and the Auxiliaries were shipped over to commit atrocities on the Irish. This was too much for domestic opinion, and a truce in 1921 led to the establishment of the Irish Free State (Eire), while Ulster (Northern Ireland) elected to remain Protestant and British. Constitutionally, Ulster is unique: the Northern Ireland Parliament, or Stormont, is not a sovereign assembly but answerable on all important matters to the British Parliament at Westminster. Ulster has been virtually a one-party state since its inception: the Protestant Unionist Party has a control that has only just been shaken by the six-month-old civil rights movement. The greatest achievement of this movement has been to begin an alignment of the Irish on class, rather than sectarian religious, lines.

Protestants are an overall majority in Ulster, though not in many of the big towns, notably Londonderry, where Catholics outnumber them five to four. The Derry town council, nevertheless, is 100 per cent Unionist. Catholics do not even have the right to vote in local elections, the franchise being limited to those who own houses. Housing is allocated directly by the town council, whose members have a gentleman's agreement not to interfere in each other's territory, risking their majorities by housing Catholics who would vote against them.

It will be gathered that Ulster is a peculiarly sectarian place. The only opposition to the Unionists, until six months ago, was the Catholic Nationalist Party, whose main platform was "the border must go," i.e., union with Catholic Eire. Naturally the Protestants resist them tooth and nail, the most vociferous opponent of any slide toward Popery being the "Reverend" Ian Paisley, who is also opposed to the "gentlemanly" rule of the Unionist squires whom he fears might sell out to the Catholics under pressure. To resist any such move he has a fighting crowd of organized vigilantes, the Ulster Protestant Volunteers, who are some 10,000 strong with probably as many passive sympathizers. The government's police force, now armed for the first time since 1965, is the 3500-man Royal Ulster Constabulary (RUC), as fine a body of Irish pigs as are to be found anywhere in the world. Most sinister of all is the voluntary, government-sponsored militia, the "B-Specials," who are 10,000 strong and who are now being called up in ever-growing numbers. The recruiting procedure is simple: practically anyone who is Protestant, over twenty-one and without a criminal record may join. Once accepted, the recruit is given a police uniform and a rifle, which he takes home. His training consists of drill and 48 hours of weapons practice in his first year; such luxuries as the rudiments of legal procedure do not figure in the program.

The parallels between this situation and that of minorities in America need hardly be drawn—the Ulster Civil Rights Association has referred to its adherents as "Mr. Wilson's White Negroes." What is impressive is the fact that in six months the movement has reached a point which it took the American and European movements years to attain: a fighting alliance of workers and students whose actions in the streets have provoked an administrative crisis which the governing party is unable to control.

The civil rights movement started modestly with liberals, communists and students in its ranks. Its aims included an end to religious discrimination and social injustice, and a one man/one vote policy in local elections. What was new was that they were demanding rights, not political power for a parliamentary majority or for a union with Eire. The movement's first march, a peaceful demonstration held in August last year, was attended by about 4000 people, including radical students from Belfast University. It was the October march in Londonderry that baptised the movement in earnest: in front of television cameras, the Royal Ulster Constabulary drew their batons and charged, breaking as many heads as they could reach. Three days of bloody rioting in the city followed. When 10,000 people gathered in the center of Derry in defiance of a government ban, and the Civil Rights Association proved it was capable of "controlling" its supporters, the Stormont offered a package of concessions—in principle.

These included a development commission for Derry ap-

by Peter Buckman

—*Text continued on page 22*

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BERNADETTE DEVLIN, NOW TWENTY-TWO, the youngest member of the House of Commons, is the daughter of a carpenter who died when Bernadette was nine. He constantly had to go to England to get work, which meant he saw little of his family, and they blamed and hated the English for that. The family was poor but not starving—when she got a student grant worth £860 a year it was "a real luxury." Dealing with "the system" in the shape of welfare officers made her very conscious of its iniquities: "Life made me a socialist. But not a doctrinaire socialist. Much to my intellectual shame, I have never read Marx. I have read Connolly, perhaps because he's Irish. My own personal belief is that violence is something which is destructive; but when it comes to the stage that there is no other answer and that in order to change society there must be violence, then in some cases it is necessary to settle for the minimum amount. After all, Mother England went out and fought Hitler in the name of peace." This from the tiny figure who has been seen in every violent demonstration, braving bottles and stones to organize and demand calm; who represents the interests of 68,000 constituents in Parliament in between countless speeches and trips to and from Belfast, where she is active in the grass-roots organization of People's Democracy, her main sponsor. She is the kind of figure city gents come up to in the street, wanting to shake her hand, along with hoary trade-unionists who say she has renewed their faith. With her low voice, and with looks which light up when she is speaking in her marked Ulster accent, she can set a crowd on fire. And she is the best extempore arguer I have met. I interviewed her on May Day, after she had addressed a meeting of the first political strike (against the government rather than the employers) England had seen for years.

Bernadette Devlin by Fay Godwin

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People's Democracy is trying to do what the black-white radical coalition in America is doing: build a movement on lines of class rather than color or religion. What kind of success have you had, and how long do you think it will last? How do you avoid problems between students and workers?
Ulster's a very small place, and we don't have the problem that students feel themselves to be a "class apart." They think of themselves in terms of the village or town background that they come from, so there's been no friction between them and the working-class people in the movement. PD is a very open movement anyway—anyone can come to its meetings. We're not going to get all tied up in rigid bureaucratic procedures. As to the success of the movement in building along class lines, we've only just begun. It's very difficult to make people see that we don't stand for an IRA [the ultra-nationalist Irish Republican Army] or a "Pan-Popish" plot. Our aim is to smash the Unionist Party, which is to blame for the present situation. The new Prime Minister, Major James Dawson Chichester-Clark, isn't going to make any difference: he's just another squire. But we don't want union with Eire either: we want them to organize and demand *their* social justice. And in England too—it was very encouraging when I went down to a building site and talked to the Irish workers. They were ready to go out and do something.

Has your movement learned anything from American experience?
I don't think directly, because [we're] dealing with political backwoodsmen. Viet-Nam doesn't mean anything there. But indirectly, yes. The Irish student, too, realized he was just part of a sausage factory: the campaign for the election let him see that it was possible to organize for joint radical action with the working class.

What about the Civil Rights Association? Is People's Democracy going to break away as it becomes more radical?
The CRA's becoming radicalized too, you know. It's got groups in all the big towns who are getting set for action. PD in Belfast has set up a coordinating committee to pull together all the groups that were set up during the election. . . . We'll have to start initiating—things like Free Derry, rent strikes, squatting, workers' control of the factories.

Will you form a political party? Is what you want possible without it?
Not a political party as it is normally understood. We must retain our spontaneity, but we must also have a program and be ready to meet the challenge of repression. Our program—which we've said we'll stop all our activities for if it's granted—is in the points [we] made during the election. But the government *can't* grant them, because they're revolutionary. We have to organize, and we have to build up from the roots. How you do that without becoming structure-bound we don't yet know. But we ought to begin talking about it before it's too late.

Do you foresee extended street action?
Yes, because what the government is offering is only tokenism. Chichester-Clark'll be out soon, and Faulkner (the ex-Deputy Prime Minister) will come in like a blinding light, and he'll give us one man/one vote. But God help anyone who wants anything more. We shall get "strong government." Faulkner is a fascist, but an extremely clever one. Westminster will just look on and make noises. My function there is just to make sure they don't forget they have the ultimate responsibility.

Then was your campaign a waste of time?
It helped us to consolidate our organization, and the publicity's useful. I don't think it's going to affect me. What matters is that the true conditions be exposed so that a united movement—a socialist movement—can be built up. There have to be civil rights activities in the South as well as in the North, and in England too. That's the only way we'll get through to the Protestant working class and convince them it isn't all a Popish plot. But first we have to solve our own problems in Ulster—get a just society for Protestants and Catholics.

Can you organize to prevent this? You've talked of a Citizens' Army.
It's still a spontaneous movement, you see. We don't *control* it: something has started which has to be given its head. I don't think a Citizens' Army such a bad idea: it worked in Bogside, in Derry.

Won't you then have the problem of being isolated—depending on the surrounding areas for sustenance?
Bogside wasn't isolated. Workers were allowed to come and go, to do their jobs. Anyone was allowed *out*; we were just careful about who we allowed in. The police were kept out, but it wasn't a siege. The ghettos are there, like in America, but we've proved we can defend them.

What's going to happen?
We'll have a three-sided civil war—the Protestant bigots, the Papist bigots, and us in the middle. We should really get our best men out—Ireland's tragedy has always been that they get shot. As for me, I keep getting letters saying "get a gun and learn how to use it." I don't think I could bring myself to shoot anyone. I can't shoot anyway.

What we have to do is to sit down and talk about our next moves. So far there hasn't been time: we've been busy defending ourselves against the violence directed against us by the government, like the Burntollet ambush. Ninety of the people in that have been identified as B-Specials: we took their pictures around local houses. We have to be organized to protect ourselves, but also we must plan ahead. Many people think things will die down in the summer. But we're getting small groups going across the country, in two's and three's, talking to people, finding out what they want. That was what the election helped us to achieve—the participation of people who had nothing to hope for from politics.

If your aims of a socialist Ireland are achieved, won't it immediately become the victim of economic isolation?
It could, but that's a long way off. We hoped for a lot from the British Labour Party, but were quickly disillusioned. We wouldn't be able to rely on them and now we don't. We no longer have to act in order to get their sympathy: we're not interested. We must build unity—that is our only task. As the situation isn't revolutionary, there can't be any talk of "counterrevolutionary tactics." We have to answer all the questions that are raised in America and elsewhere: how to bring socialist freedom and justice without becoming bureaucratized and unfree. We don't know the answers, but now we *have* to find the time to sit down and ask.

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pointed by the Unionist Party, a points system for allocating council houses to replace the personal decisions of local councillors, some minor changes in the local franchise (but not one man/one vote) and some limited revisions in the Special Powers Act which has been, and remains, the main instrument of repression in Ulster. Under it, the police may arrest without warrant and imprison without charge while denying prisoners recourse either to habeas corpus or to legal advisors; they may enter and search without a warrant at any time, declare curfews and prohibit meetings, punish by flogging, deny trial by jury, arrest persons they desire to examine as witnesses and force them to answer questions, interfere with the rights of private property, prohibit the holding of an inquest if a prisoner dies (the repeal of this clause was one of the government's "concessions"), arrest anyone who "by word of mouth" spreads false reports or makes false statements, prohibit the circulation of any newspaper or the possession of any film or gramophone record, and arrest a person who does anything "calculated to be prejudicial to the preservation of peace or maintenance of order in Northern Ireland and not specifically provided for in the regulations."

Let us remember that Northern Ireland is officially a part of liberal England, which has allowed this law to remain on the statute books since 1922. As a counter to the "concessions," the Unionist government proposed introducing a Public Order Bill which, apart from restating most of the provisions of the Special Powers Act, required four days' notice for a march, demonstration or meeting, and made it an offense to participate in a banned procession or in a sit-in in a public building—which includes the university or uninhabited houses which might encourage squatters.

IN RESPONSE TO THIS OFFER, the Civil Rights Association proposed to call a truce. For the students—most of whom were Protestant—this was too much. A series of nonstop meetings was held in the university and People's Democracy (PD) was formed. They decided on a march from Belfast to Derry—the "Long March"—for January 1st. Lacking officers or a committee, they needed someone, who would obviously be singled out for police attack as "the organizer," to sign the application for a permit. A diminutive twenty-one-year-old psychology student named Bernadette Devlin stepped forward to do so.

The "Long March" was ambushed at Burntollet, a bridge on the road to Derry, by organized bands of Paisley's Ulster Protestant Volunteers and other Protestant extremists, acting under the eyes and with the connivance of the Royal Ulster Constabulary and the B-Specials. A force of 250 men armed with cudgels, stones, and clubs with nails driven through them—guns having been left behind at the last minute—set upon the marchers while the police looked on. In Derry, the police went on an anti-Catholic rampage, breaking into houses and assaulting and severely wounding men, women, and even children. (In small towns the Catholic "ghettos" are constantly menaced by police harassment. One achievement of the movement was to organize the Bogside area of Derry—predominantly Catholic and working-class—and force the police to get out and stay out for five days. This exercise in self-defense was a valuable pointer for the future.)

Last February, the PD entered local election campaigns. Their aim was purely to publicize their demands and to consolidate their organization. They disdained the idea of winning seats (somewhat to their embarrassment they appeared to have a majority in South Down, but demanded a recount and were gratified to lose when a large number of "spoiled votes" were discovered). They emerged from the campaign with eight strong regional groupings, organized for action. Without the election they would never have done so.

Radical notions aired by the People's Democracy have assumed a realistic air, including one man/one vote; the repeal of the Special Powers Act; disarming of the RUC and disbanding the B-Specials; workers' control of the factories (especially those run by "fly-by-night" foreign entrepreneurs, who open a plant with government assistance only to pull out when it is established and a quick profit has been cleared); the expropriation of the huge landed estates, which are the dominant feature of the Ulster agricultural scene, in order to set up cooperatives; comprehensive and integrated (Protestant-Catholic) education; and an end to job discrimination on religious grounds. The PD is a socialist, radical group whose demands are revolutionary in terms of what any Ulster government could grant.

The PD's goal is not "bourgeois nationalism," i.e. to reintegrate the oppressive regimes of Northern Ireland and Eire. The party's aim, uttered with consummate political force by Bernadette Devlin, is to unite the working class of all Ireland against the governments of both Belfast and Dublin. Eire, proud of being one of Europe's most Catholic states, is no home-away-from-home for Ulster radicals. It is illegal to divorce, have an abortion, or even to sell contraceptives in Eire. The censorship there is of a medieval kind, and there is an Offences Against the State Act and a Criminal Justice Bill, just being pushed through, which gives the police power to arrest on suspicion and is exactly equivalent to the Ulster Special Powers Act.

The election by which Bernadette was sent to Westminster, caused by the death of the MP for Mid-Ulster, was undertaken purely for purposes of publicity. She was disappointed that she attracted so few Protestant working-class votes, but happy that her easy majority included an almost solid working-class Catholic vote. In Westminster, her maiden speech violated all the conventions about avoiding controversy, and brought her universal acclaim. She castigated Wilson for allowing the situation in Northern Ireland to develop, Ulster Prime Minister Terence O'Neill for doing nothing about it, and Jack Lynch, Prime Minister of Eire, for not looking to his own problems. Indulgent smiles were all she expected—and all she got. The week following her speech saw the worst-ever rioting in Derry. O'Neill resigned, to be replaced by a carbon copy, on the same day that de Gaulle threw in the sponge. As I write, there are rumors of a big move, *not* from the left, to oust Harold Wilson.

Bernadette Devlin is perfectly representative of the generation which has made all this possible. She and the movement behind her have followed a course exactly similar to that of radical movements everywhere in the world. She warned, as Cohn-Bendit and other radicals have done, that she is only a mouthpiece, and that she hopes soon to fade into the background.

Peter Buckman, a frequent contributor to the London Sunday Times, is the author of a forthcoming book, The Limits of Protest.

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A Letter from Sweden by Susan Sontag

Dear . . .

YOU ASK ME TO TELL ABOUT SWEDEN after spending seven months of the last twelve living here. I'll tell you what I can, but please remember that my impressions are specialized and local. The Sweden I know is first of all a place where I've been working. More than that: the place where I've been able to do something—writing and directing a movie—that has given me more pleasure than any work I've ever done. I know the work has been good not just because of my loving relation to it but because I've done it here, in a country whose cultural policy is so generous to the independent film-maker. Sweden's cinema industry in its present phase, which dates from the reforms pioneered by Harry Schein that led to the establishment of the Swedish Film Institute in 1963, is probably the only one in the capitalist world operating with a strong bias in favor of independent directors making "art" (called here "quality") films, where a director is free of the usual financial and bureaucratic pressures of commercial film-making while given a budget and facilities adequate for entirely professional work. One is simply encouraged to do one's best and left alone—with one's crew and actors—to do it. Although I would have gone anywhere on earth for the chance of getting started as director, there's probably no place where it would have been as pleasant as Sweden. To go on working in Sweden is certainly tempting—I have complete freedom to do what I want—and I'll probably return to do a second movie for the same company in June 1970.

And yet, part of me dreads the prospect of remaining a Swedish film-maker. Not because of the conditions of work here, which in most respects are ideal, but because if I'm to spend a number of months every year or two living here while I make films, I've got to deal with the profound quarrel I have with much of the quality of Swedish life. Perhaps I expected too much of Sweden, the celebrated paradise of Social Democracy, as many foreign visitors must do. And certainly, I wasn't prepared for the uniqueness of Sweden. Before coming here for the first time last April (shortly before my trip to North Viet-Nam), I imagined Sweden a little America, with traits of West Germany and Japan, too: six-lane highways, suburban shopping centers, TV, sideburns, automated factories, imaginative children's books, hip youth, Viet-Nam demonstrations: all the comforts and woes and efficiency of industrialization, the consumer society—but refined and partly detoxified by the condition of advanced "welfare state" enlightenment. And while it's all here, and while Sweden does have more in common with these countries than any others (though often, particularly in its similarities to Japan, different features than I had imagined), it mostly hasn't been as I expected.

The experience of any new country unfolds as a battle of clichés—especially if the country is, like Sweden, a rather famous one. (Some countries are more famous than others, and similar laws of celebrity—the false optics of fashion; the cruel swings of admiration, envy, and excoriation—apply to countries as to people.) I came prepared to see through the familiar negative clichés about Sweden—and found many of them disconcertingly confirmed. What's odd is that I've had no end of help in this from the Swedes themselves. Swedes love to talk about Sweden and, in private, to join the exasperated foreigner in putting down the quality of life here. In part, this merely reflects the Swedish dislike of argument and controversy—they're all too ready, for my taste, to agree with

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foreign visitors as they are with each other. But partly, I think, the conversations I've had reflect the quite genuine gift for self-criticism that flourishes here. There's no complaint I can make about Sweden that a number of Swedish acquaintances haven't volunteered to me themselves. That's disarming, at least at first. Eventually, it may seem like an evasion. The Swedes so evidently distinguish between the character of life in Sweden and the character of the country as a progressive, rational social experiment, with the result that criticizing the former doesn't necessarily lead to any conclusions about the latter. A foreigner, of course, will be moved to try to connect the two—and run smack into the vast self-satisfaction and national sense of security that adjoins their talent for self-disparagement.

THEIR HIGH DEGREE OF NATIONAL self-consciousness is partly what you would expect of a population with the highest per capita income in the world and a strong conviction of their country's moral superiority. The Swedes take evident pride in Sweden's uniqueness, its vanguard role on the international scene. Sounds rather American, doesn't it? But theirs is a very different kind of pride. Americans, also powered by a sense of their uniqueness as a nation and its identity with virtue, not only view their own virtue as exportable but consider that they have an urgent mandate to export it (and to make a profit from it: imperialism). Swedes see themselves as exemplary in a more passive style. They are neither in a position nor disposed by temperament to export aggressively what they practice—post-puritan sexual mores, good taste and generosity to the arts, rational economic planning, frictionless social justice, solicitude for the urban environment—but confidently await the inevitable movements of history that will lead other nations to imitate them. What happens in Sweden, more than one Swede has told me, happens five or ten or fifteen years later in some other advanced part of the world.

But uniqueness also means separateness. Proud as the Swedes are of their accomplishments (i.e. their modernity), they also speak often, and less confidently, of Sweden as a remote, rather isolated nation. Their policy of neutralism, their advocacy of humanitarian standards before international policy bodies where other nations pursue narrow self-interest or see straight power politics not only provides a source of national self-esteem but reinforces their psychic burden (of isolation). People speak of taking a holiday in "Europe" as the English do of traveling to the "Continent." Whenever something goes wrong for the foreigner here, a Swede is quick to remind one that this is a small country—less than eight million people in a land area that makes it the fourth largest nation in Europe. And however fulsomely they may agree with sympathetic foreigners who criticize the country while they're here, Swedes are extremely sensitive to, and defensive about, any criticism published about their country abroad. The ignorant, demagogic crack that Eisenhower made in 1960 before a Republican National Committee breakfast in Chicago, singling out Sweden's supposedly rising suicide rate and ascribing it to the country's "socialistic philosophy," is still mentioned with bitterness. They are really bugged that most people abroad think that Sweden has the world's highest suicide rate. (It's the ninth highest in the world, the fifth highest in Europe—trailing Austria, Denmark, Finland, and Switzerland—and the rate has remained stable for over 50 years.) Educated attacks such as Kathleen Nott's book from the early 1960's, *A Clean Well Lighted Place*, continue to rankle. Two weeks ago the news that David Frost was coming to interview Olof Palme, the Minister of Education and long considered the heir apparent to the Prime Minister, for British television made the front page of all the tabloids. A naive hope circulated around town that this interview would dispel some of the Ike-type slanders and let Sweden finally get across to the world. Everybody wants to be loved, I know. But the Swedish need has a special urgency, which probably follows from the conviction of their own virtue. This national desire to be loved also informs their willingness to put themselves down. Swedes want you to understand that their intentions are never bad, though their means of executing them may be faulty. Whatever misconceptions exist could be cleared up if people had a little more patience. They know something is wrong with the quality of Swedish life. Indeed, just that is a perennial topic of national debate, as well as of private conversations with foreigners. Swedes speak quite readily, and usually defensively, of their national character: "We're shy," "we're clumsy," "we're inhibited." And all Swedes who travel assert that they feel freer, behave more expressively abroad, while at the same time always feeling safe because they are Swedes. ("If only you knew me as I am when I'm in Spain." Or ". . . in New York." Or ". . . in Italy.") But they are saddened if you show you really mind what so evidently bothers *them* in their intercourse among themselves. Swedes so often treat themselves as a "case," operating a kind of moral blackmail through the display of their vulnerability.

FOR SO SELF-CONSCIOUS A PEOPLE, THOUGH, they are notably unpsychological. Psychiatry—in any of the forms derived from Freud—has never taken root here. To be sure, psychological tests administered by free-lance consultants are a standard part of hiring and promoting procedures in all large industrial firms and in the government bureaucracies; a minor being considered for promotion to foreman of his shift and an applicant for the job of producer on the new (second) TV channel will both have to undergo a battery of such tests. But this reliance on professional psychologists only gives further evidence of how insensitive psychologically the Swedes are: the appraisal of people, it's felt, is best not left to ordinary on-the-scene judgment. Swedes show a strong aversion to reflecting about motives and character. The remarks people pass about each other at work and after social encounters are terse and flat. The usual thing one hears a Swede say about someone is that he or she is "nice." Less often, "not nice": a great effort is made to find people nice. Any extended scrutiny of someone's character, that staple of everyday middle-class conversation in the United States, gets little response here—as if Swedes can't fathom the reason behind the expenditure of *that* kind of intellectual effort. Generally, I've noticed, Swedes are not given to puzzling over things. Whenever possible, situations and words are taken at face value.

Underscoring the avoidance of psychological insights, much of conversation proceeds by quantifying. For instance: how many hours of sun there were this month, or when one got to sleep last night, or how much someone pays for his apartment. Hard liquor (like whisky and brandy), a particularly anxiety-

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provoking substance, is ordered not by the glass or shot but by the centiliter (it comes in two, four, six and eight); beer is classified into weak, medium, and strong and must be ordered that way. Numbers come up often when the Swedes talk. They are almost as statistics-conscious as Americans—not to show off or as a crude tool of intellectual mastery but more simply, I think, because numbers are emotionally neutral, and their casual use can make intimate matters seem impersonal.

The Swedes flee the psychological dimensions in another way, by being notably secretive about their personal lives. Though outstandingly honest in the sphere of work and public order, they are often not candid. The line between personal and public is drawn a little differently here. In one sense, there is less privacy in Sweden than in any other advanced industrial country. For instance, salaries are discussed openly, and the government publishes a book listing the salaries and incomes of everyone making over 20,000 kronor ($4000) a year. One sees far fewer walls and hedges surrounding private houses here than in England and America. People undress casually, but not at all exhibitionistically, in front of each other in the sauna, for swimming, to lie in the sun. But the absence of some of these familiar taboos creating privacy doesn't indicate a more intense community life. It rather signifies the traditional inability of the person in Sweden to defend himself against the demands of the community, *so far as he constitutes himself a member of it*. The possibility of deep, radical withdrawal still remains—and is frequently exercised. The major zone of withdrawal is simply that of feelings, as distinct from information about status and objective behavior. For a Swede to show how he feels, if the feeling is a vehement one, is a grave enterprise. By counter-signs then, one could conclude that the Swedes are an extremely passionate people. Yet no modern city I know is as quiet as Stockholm, and almost all the noise comes from machines. People contribute low voices on the telephone, hushed murmuring in restaurants, mild applause after any lecture or spectacle. I remember a couple of rock concerts I went to in September at the Konserthuset, the biggest auditorium in town. The Doors came one night, Jefferson Airplane another, and played to capacity audiences of beautiful long-haired kids, most of them decked out in East Village-Haight Ashbury tribal regalia of two years ago and many already stoned or turning on in the corridors, by appearance a classic Fillmore crowd—except for their sound. These kids sat absolutely still and quiet, applauding amiably at the end of each number. The only time I've heard Swedes raise their voices was at the international ice hockey championship games in March, and even that was awfully decorous, intermittent shouting.

Talking apparently never ceases to be a problem for the Swedes: a lean across an abyss. Every time a conversation starts, you can feel the physical tension mount between the speakers. (Oddly enough, though, the Swedes are very gifted at languages. English is not only mandatory throughout the school years but so well taught that almost everyone here under thirty-five is virtually bilingual.) What to talk about is a problem. Favored topics are: the weather (Swedes never stop suffering from the cold, the lack of sun); money (they are shameless about telling or asking how much something costs); liquor (more about that later); and plans of action (from saying "I'm going to pee" when leaving the room for a

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minute to announcing a vacation). Once underway, dialogue tends to have a certain pedantry; people balk if you skip steps in explaining something or jump around from one topic to another. And conversations are always in danger of running out of gas, both from the imperative of secretiveness and from the positive lure of silence. Silence is the Swedish national vice. Will you laugh if I invoke Greta Garbo? Honestly, Sweden is full of prosaic, graceless mini-Garbos. And of moments from Bergman films as well, the ones when people mutely express the torment of being unable to say what they feel. The evidence I have that has confirmed this venerable imagery of Sweden all comes from Stockholm, the only part of Sweden I know. But everything I've heard indicates that this holds even more true for the north. In Norrland, Stockholmers have told me, people hardly talk at all. Families go for months, especially during the long night of winter, without exchanging more than a few sentences with each other. The farther north, everyone says here, the bigger and more unbreakable the silence. And conversely, people south of Stockholm are reputed to be a little more outgoing and talkative, the flow increasing mile by mile all the way to Skåne, the southernmost province, whose natives are known in the rest of Sweden as "reserve Danes" (Danes having the reputation here of a positively Latin jollity). Of course, there's a difference between young people and older people as there is between North and South. Swedish youth, as in all the advanced countries now, is everywhere more "southern"—more outgoing, expressive, emotional; less compulsive—than its elders.

NOT ONLY SECRETIVENESS MAKES the Swedes silent; it's a whole system of anxieties, a perception of the world as extremely dangerous, treacherous. The source of treachery is, one must surmise, themselves as much as the Other—though it's anyone's guess which has psychological priority, the fear of another's aggression or of one's own. In this taboo-ridden country, perhaps the most notable taboo is raised against the signs of aggressiveness. Policemen on the street are invariably polite; though most (but not all) carry guns, the police are respected and often trusted, at least as much as in England, but they are also more feared, because the level of guilt about infractions of the social code, such as being drunk in public, is much higher than in England. But the cops only deal with gross matters; the most severe policing of aggression is done by each Swede himself. Their marked avoidance of aggression, even in its minimal forms, comes through in the Swedes' mild voices, and in the low noise level in public places, the inhibition of crowds even at euphoria-provoking or outrageous spectacles and entertainments. (Judith Malina and Julian Beck say that Stockholm is the only city the Living Theatre has played in Europe and the United States where at least some members of the audience didn't respond, with insults and catcalls, and by walking out, to such deliberate provocations as the "empty" opening twenty minutes of *Mysteries*. The entire Stockholm audience just sat politely, and waited.) One hardly ever hears people quarreling, and there is a strong aversion to disagreement as such. The Swedish avoidance of antagonism sometimes goes to really supersonic extremes. I remember one evening last autumn after a day's shooting out in the suburbs returning to town with my assistant, production manager, and script girl; we were heading for a new restaurant to have dinner, but nobody was sure exactly where it was. Someone said, "I think you continue two more blocks and turn right." The driver of the car said, "No, we go three blocks and turn left." In an entirely pleasant tone the first person said, "No, go two blocks and turn right." After which the third Swede in the car intervened quickly with "Now, now, let's not quarrel."

Do you understand what I found sad in this ludicrous moment, and in many similar micro-dramas? There are few qualities I admire more than reasonableness; and I'm far from admonishing the Swedes for not embodying some lush standard of Mediterranean temperament and volatility which is not my own either. Still I'm convinced that the Swedish reasonableness is deeply defective, owing far too much to inhibition and anxiety and emotional dissociation. To repress anger as extensively as people do here greatly exceeds the demands of justice and rational self-control; I find it little short of pathological. The demand for repression seems to arise from some naive misunderstanding or simplification of what goes on between human beings: it's simply not true that strong feelings escalate so inevitably into violence. And to avoid confrontation and to repress disapproval to the extent the Swedes do shades, rather often, into passivity and indifferentism. For instance, I'm sure that it isn't only because of the chronic shortage of labor that people rarely get fired here, no matter how they bungle their jobs. It's also true that most Swedes would prefer to continue operating some activity with incompetent personnel than face the unpleasantness of speaking severely to someone, hurting their feelings and incurring their hostility. One of the commonest replies people make when someone proposes doing something, or questions why something is being done, is "Why not?" At first I found that locution charming—a humorous way of saying yes. Soon I realized that all too often that's precisely what they mean: not a true yes, which depends on the ability to say no, just "why not?"

OF COURSE, SWEDISH LIFE ISN'T ALWAYS like this. Such an uptight world has to have a safety-valve. Here it's drink. Alcohol has the status in Sweden of a mythic substance: the magic elixir that gives one permission to release aggressions, allow intimacy. Though in per capita consumption Sweden lags behind the United States, France, and several other nations, the amount of drinking the Swedes do looks pretty formidable, especially because there's an established convention of drinking heavily at meals (while bar drinking is fairly undeveloped); it's common for a Swede to down a carafe of wine, several beers, and at least one bränvinn at dinner. Drinking is like going abroad. "If only you could see him when he's had a few drinks," I've been told often when I confessed to having difficulty talking with someone. Liquor marks the biggest difference between here and England, though the emotion-fearing Swedes are often thought to resemble the English. On the surface, they are less open and friendly than the English, but ultimately, the Swedes are much less reserved. Only they usually have to be drunk. Liquor is so important, so deeply experienced a facility of psychic release, that even the under-thirty generation in Stockholm, many of whom are heavy users of hash or Preludin, rarely lose their attachment to tripping out on alcohol (unlike drug users in the States), and

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usually don't at all decrease their consumption of liquor.

Liquor releases one from the obligation of *prudence*, which is a major theme of Swedish life. (A bus and billboard ad around town this winter featured this stark copy over the name of a bank: "Be careful with your money." Such an advertising campaign to encourage people to patronize a particular bank would, I think, be unlikely in any other country.) People are quick with admonitions of prudence, such as reproofs for financial extravagance (one rather well-off Swede in his early twenties expressed surprise and mild disapproval that I would spend 30 kronor—$6—apiece on the tickets to the rock concerts), and comments on the hazards of driving a car on a winter night. The basic poles of Swedish behavior are: prudent, restrained versus dangerous, prodigal. And the fundamental metaphor for that polarity is sober versus drunk. Because of the high value placed on restraint, there is a great fear of letting go—and, of course, a vast craving to do just that. This ambivalence can surface at unexpected moments. One recent instance: a conversation I had with a bright undergraduate at the University of Uppsala, 40 miles northwest of Stockholm, where I was invited two weeks ago for an evening by the student film club, in the course of which I happened to mention that I loved Wagner. She said she was shocked. Startled, I asked why—expecting to hear about Wagner the proto-Nazi, the old trauma which had kept me deaf to the Ring so many years. But no, not at all. She disapproved because Wagner seduces; he's too emotional, she explained; you can lose yourself in that music. I would have been less than honest if I'd contradicted her. I could only say that I didn't mind that, in fact thought it a good thing now and then—an answer she didn't like at all. As we talked, I remembered that Nietzsche had made the same charge when he repudiated Wagner and his earlier Wagner idolatry. Nietzsche was right, too. Still, it's one thing for a Nietzsche, indeed for any German, to treat suspiciously the opportunity for emotional debauch, quite another for puritan Swedes, or English, or Americans, among whom I include myself. The Swedes could use more emotion—a lot more, but distributed much more evenly through the whole culture.

THE SWEDES WANT TO BE RAPED. (My problem here: I'm temperamentally not a rapist.) And drink is their national form of self-rape. Drunkenness is thus, by definition, the national disgrace. Almost the whole burden of guilt is linked to liquor, instead of—as in the rest of Europe and the Americas—to sex. (Hence, their somewhat misleading appearance of being sexually liberated.) The stigma attached here to being an alcoholic is quite excruciating. In 1914, climaxing the influence of a genuinely popular temperance movement, advocating prohibition, a system of rationing was introduced that restricted the purchase of liquor to wage-earners over 25 (women without incomes of their own and married women were not eligible); ration books were issued, which allowed the holder to buy only at his local store up to a maximum amount monthly which varied between three and four quarts of hard liquor—wines were not rationed but their purchase was registered. This set-up lasted for 40 years, until rationing was ended by national referendum in 1955, but the guilt hangover is still strong. The very act of purchasing liquor retains a definitely illicit quality for the Swedes, as any foreigner can see who goes to shop in one of the state-owned liquor stores today. Outside, these stores have no advertising or window display, only a small, neutral sign flush with the building. Inside, the atmosphere is part funeral parlor and part backstreet abortionist. In heavy silence and with eyes averted, people line up before the counter, whisper their orders to the poker-faced clerk. Some wine is usually displayed, but hard liquor is kept under the counter or stacked on shelves; instead of asking for a bottle by name, customers often use the number by which it is listed in a catalogue. Waiting on line has the furtiveness of queuing up for the peep-shows in the rear of the 42nd Street sexbook stores, with the risk of a similar chagrin if you're spotted by a square friend or relative whose good opinion you value. (Once when buying some wine I saw someone I knew on the adjacent line—a kid who goes to night high-school and supports himself by washing windows. I said hello to him. He acted as if he didn't know me. Another Swedish acquaintance, to whom I mentioned this puzzling incident, thought it perfectly natural; the boy must have been overcome with embarrassment, he said, because I had met him in a liquor store.) Each customer receives the unholy stuff in brown or grey-green paper bags on which is sometimes printed "Say no to liquor," or "It is a crime to give minors liquor," and, head down, hurries out of the store. Of course, everyone in Sweden recognizes those paper bags; strangers glance knowingly at anyone carrying one and friends encountered on the way home will unfailingly make some joking comment. To avoid this, many people, before leaving the store, stuff the paper bag under their coats or conceal it in a briefcase or a large shopping bag. Needless to say, carrying an unwrapped bottle of anything, even wine, on the street is, though not illegal, the exact social and emotional equivalent of taking down your pants in public in the States. If the display of liquor in bottles is indecent exposure, actually drinking it equals nakedness.

While Sweden does have an alcoholism problem (which has increased again in the last 14 years, since rationing ended), it's nowhere as grave as it is, say, in France, Ireland, or Russia. But no other people has attacked the dangers of alcoholism with the punitive ferocity of the Swedes. The result is that they do indeed have a liquor problem, but it's as much or more a national neurosis *about* alcohol (which every Swede shares) as it is the creeping psychosis and physical degeneration caused by heavy alcohol consumption (which afflicts only a minority of the population). Alcoholism feels much more serious a problem here than in other and more drink-sodden countries because of the enormous moral-psychic (or mythic) weight of drink. In the matter of alcohol, every Swede is guilty until proven innocent. I remember a dozen occasions when people I know whose habitual intake of liquor is modest by anybody's standards, even mine, have nervously assured me and everyone else in the vicinity that they aren't alcoholics, the occasion being something like just having ordered a beer with their lunch. At first it just seemed nutty, until I began to grasp what lies behind that unnecessary disavowal from their point of view—what liquor means here. Alcohol is not primarily something for oneself. To take even one drink is a quite literal signal to the others present, announcing that one is about to become a different person: warmer, perhaps indiscreet, a little aggressive. That metamorphosis begins with the *skål* itself that precedes the drink, a rite which requires gazing

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into the eyes of everyone at the table before and after the first sip (after which everyone must briefly set down his glass).

LIQUOR SEEMS TO INHIBIT PARANOIA. But it only temporarily and fitfully appeases the general mood here of habitual suspicion of people, in the teeth of which all ordinary transactions must be conducted, and which shows up in many national tics. One is the mania the Swedes have for locking things up. Churches are almost always locked; everyone locks his car as a matter of course even when stopping briefly on a country road or dropping in on friends who live in a sedate residential street in the suburbs; when I was editing my film in February and March, my cutter locked the room where we were working on the fifth floor of the Sandrew building whenever we went downstairs to the third floor for a ten minute coffee break. This, in a country which has (from an American perspective) a negligible crime rate, and in which the standard of honesty among people in work situations could scarcely be higher. Clearly, it's not practically necessary to lock up on *most* of the occasions the Swedes do it: it's rather a symbolic act, expressing and confirming irrational and irrepressible mistrust.

The same mistrust, I would guess, underlies Swedish behavior in the larger matters of hospitality and generosity. While, in one sense, Swedes are among the most polite and amiable people I have ever met, their politeness contains so much anxiety—so much evident wish to appease, to head off real or imagined unpleasantness—it's hard fully to enjoy it. And their politeness has great limits. The Swedes are not, for instance, very generous. With rare exceptions, invitations to have dinner in people's homes are restricted to relatives and long-time friends; in this there is little difference between bohemia and bourgeoisie; another pattern appears only among those, whether businessmen or artists, who have spent a lot of time abroad. And the meals themselves are generally less than ample. It's almost unheard of for one person to pay the whole fare for a taxi ride two or three have shared and uncommon for one person to take another to dinner; checks are split pedantically when people eat out together. (The more graceful method whereby I take the check this time and you pay the next apparently entails too much trust. Safer to keep accounts straight as one goes along.) When I was shooting the film, I sometimes came near to losing my temper when an actor or one of the crew—all people I'd become fond of, who liked me, whom I spent every day with — would ask me if he could borrow a cigarette, assuring me elaborately that when he bought a pack at lunchtime he would return the one he was taking now. (I saw the Swedes going through the same number with each other, so the verbal ritual can't be explained as courtesy to the foreigner or deference to the boss.) I had my verbal ritual, too: saying "Please take as many as you like, you don't have to ask," sometimes adding a sententious remark on how such freedoms among friends and colleagues go without saying in America. Ostentatiously, didactically, I would lift cigarettes from the same guy's pack the next day without asking. But it kept happening. Certain people, no matter how often they come to my apartment, always ask permission to make a phone call, use the bathroom, get a beer from the refrigerator. Used to American, even more particularly, California manners, I had to struggle not to feel a little insulted when they didn't become freer with me. It took a while to see where they are (though I don't like it any better than before): that the Swedes simply do find it hard to accept generosity and to extend it. There is little hospitality compared with most places in Europe, certainly far less than in America and England. Many Swedes have told me that they feel uneasy putting a friend up (one said he feared being exploited; he always suspected that his guest could afford a hotel, and stayed with him just to save money). In many families—particularly among the bourgeoisie, and even more in the country than the city—a guest is viewed as someone who disrupts household order and compromises cleanliness, about which the Swedes are just this side of obsessional. (When entering someone's house or apartment during the winter, you are often asked to leave your shoes at the doorway. Impossible not to comply, even if it's demonstrably true that your shoes aren't wet and you explain that because of the cold you'd rather not walk around in your stockings or socks.) One curious custom: it's expected that a house guest brings his own sheets, pillowcases, and towels; and these are never supplied when you rent an otherwise completely furnished apartment. Sheets etc. are considered private articles, like underwear. When I've mentioned this lack of hospitality to well-traveled Swedes familiar with the standards current abroad, they become defensive but in the end offer the same excuse—the emotional climate which prevails here. One friend, who has lived in Ibiza for two years, told me she loved putting up friends from Sweden in her house there, but since her return to Stockholm found herself now too emotionally blocked to do it when Spanish friends visited or Swedish friends came from out of town.

BUT PERHAPS THE MOST OBVIOUS SYMPTOM of the Swedish suspicion of people is simply the meagerness and relative comfortlessness of institutionalized social life. For a capital city of a million people, Stockholm provides astonishingly few amenities for meeting in public. No cafés, of course. It's too cold. Only some half dozen restaurants in the whole city stay open after ten o'clock, and none of these after midnight. Probably the gayest space in Stockholm is Gröna Lund's Tivoli, an amusement park on one of the main islands of the town, which has none of the fantasy or abandon of its Copenhagen namesake but is a good deal more pleasant than Coney Island or Luna Park today; anyone over twenty, though, probably won't want to go back too often, and anyway it's open only from April (when it's still quite cold) through September. As for the rest of the nightlife, I can run down the main places for you in a single long sentence. There is one stuffy nightclub (*Berns*) where international stars like Miriam Makeba perform, patronized by the middle-aged bourgeoisie; dancing for the miniature jet set in an expensive, centrally located hotel (the *Strand*); two discothèques (*Lord Nilsson* and *Number 1*) off the main street, Kungsgatan, for lower-budget swingers in their twenties and thirties; one big bare club with occasional live rock (*The Golden Circle*) patronized mostly by students; a cluster of small *caves* for teenagers in the Old Town, some with live groups; a few boring, surprisingly shabby and very expensive, private clubs that feature after-hours drinking and roulette; one bar that is the showplace for arrived intellectuals, artists, and with-it government people (*The Opera Bar*), small, dull, but with handsome art nouveau decor; one fairly tame, but crowded, private club for homo-

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sexuals which allows dancing (the *City Club*), occupying the ground floor and basement of an apartment building with no name outside the building or on the entrance to the club itself, open three nights a week until five a.m.; and some topless places, with names like *The Waikiki Club* (most of these less than a year old and without a liquor license), which are open during the day, where one cup of coffee costs four dollars, that attract mainly foreigners and businessmen in from the provinces. I've undoubtedly left out a few, but you get the idea. In most of these places, the atmosphere is grim. Swedes not drunk are often apathetic, and the music makes it hard for anyone to talk. Drunk, they are not very graceful either, and often not even loquacious. But, as a matter of fact, one doesn't see many people drunk: hardly ever in restaurants; rarely in the clubs and discothèques; occasionally on the streets and in the subway, but then mostly just on Friday and Saturday nights.

Street life itself in Stockholm is based on the principle of avoidance. First rule: avoid being on the street unless necessary. When a Stockholmer wants to take a walk, he doesn't think of strolling in town, though many parts of the city, with its dominant ochre, green, and tan stone buildings and splendid views of the water, are beautiful; and the congestion of automobile traffic is modest. Instead he goes to Djurgarden, the big lovely park island which is part of the metropolitan area, or out into the country. People one sees on the streets in central Stockholm are there for business, and walk with a rigid, brisk, no nonsense stride. One rarely sees children on the street in town, and never any cats or dogs. (There are no children at night in restaurants either: a considerable opprobrium attaches to bringing them out after what's considered to be a normal bed-time.) Second rule: if on the street, avoid contact with other people. Amiable as the Swedes are privately, street manners in Stockholm are atrocious. People bump into you without apology—something I've seen in only one other city, Athens, but there it was specifically men lurching into women, an unmistakable, if coarse, gesture of flirtation. Here people are not flirting. On the contrary, the accidental contact of body to body is something embarrassing, mildly unpleasant and best treated as if it had not happened at all. Of course, this dreary system has its great advantages for minority groups specially subject to street persecution, such as eccentrically dressed youth, celebrities, and younger women. Stockholm is probably the only capital where the Prime Minister could ride to his office on the subway every morning (as Tage Erlander did for many years) and never have anyone speak to him, much less importune or insult him, though everyone knows what he looks like. And I can't tell you how relieving, liberating it is to be in a city where an unaccompanied woman can walk around at any hour, day or night, and hardly ever even be looked at, much less accosted or followed by men, except if she wants to be. That's a liberty I've known so far only in London. Stockholm, though, is much more extreme and consistent than London. After ten p.m., if not earlier, on an ordinary weekday, one can walk for blocks in the center of town without seeing anyone else on the sidewalks, with only an occasional car passing by.

'VE SAID THAT THE SWEDES FIND it hard to trust. What comes to mind this moment is a conversation I once had with someone which was precisely about the difficulty of having conversations. This was mainly a ploy,

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an attempt to get this guy to relax somewhat, to extend himself a little bit. I wasn't interested in talking seriously about talking; nor did I want anything intimate, in the way of confidences or feelings, from this man. But he took me literally, and jumped with a quite touching guilelessness to the heart of the matter. He had assumed I did mean conversation in the sense of intimate confidences, because his solemn answer to my rather loose remark was: "Well, the reason I don't like to talk is because I'm afraid that if I do confide in someone, he might repeat what I've said to someone else the next day."

Sweden is the only country I know of where misanthropy is a respectable attitude, one people at least avow often (how deeply they mean it is another matter) and express sympathy for. One Swedish acquaintance, a diplomat, told me I would never understand Sweden until I grasped the concept of being *manniskortrött*, tired of people. Swedes easily tire of other human beings, he said. They need to get away. I replied that I found what he was saying psychologically implausible. Don't you ever get tired of people, he asked. I said I often craved privacy, but that wasn't the same thing. The need for privacy carries no implication of being tired of people; it just means you want some more space for yourself. People are OK, I concluded lamely. (I'd already had versions of this dispiriting conversation with several other Swedes.) He looked at me as if I were crazy, and muttered something about the childish Rousseauistic optimism of Americans. That time I gave up. I think, though, I do understand. Who wouldn't be misanthropic, if one's personal relations were habitually stifled, loaded with anxiety, experienced as coercive. For most Swedes, human "contact" is always, at least initially, a problem —though in many cases, the problem can be solved, the distance bridged. Being with people feels like work for them, far more than it does like nourishment. If it felt like that to you and me, I'm sure we'd have the need to get away and rest up as often as possible, just as the Swedes do.

The counter-force to this misanthropy is the celebrated Swedish love of nature. Though I'd heard about this before I came here, still I've been amazed by the ardor with which they talk about being alone in the remote countryside. ("Nature" seems to be the only thoroughly respectable object of passion in Swedish culture.) I remember the vehemence of a fashionably dressed fortyish matron I talked to one afternoon while we were both waiting on the line for taxis outside the Central Station. I asked her if she lived in Stockholm. "Oh no, of course not," she exclaimed. "I live in the country. I could never live in Stockholm, though I like to come in occasionally to visit friends or see a play. But I couldn't bear to see people all the time. I prefer nature." Hearing the cliché so primly and starkly declaimed, I wondered for a second if she were putting me on (as I thought when, not many years ago, a New Englander said to me, "Some of my best friends are Jews" and I laughed politely at what I took to be a rather literary joke). But she wasn't. Large numbers of Swedes really do have an extraordinary romance with nature. Many people on all income levels in Stockholm and the other cities own a small boat or a tiny house in the country or both. These are as much a part of normal expectations in Sweden as a TV and a car in the United States. (Of course, lots of Swedes have these, too. One Swede in five owns a car—the highest ratio in Europe: among other uses, they need the car to get to the boat or the country house.) Though we would regard these as luxuries, the appurtenances of industrial affluence, many Swedes treat them as necessities. Their rhythm *demands* the withdrawal into nature, which house and boat make more feasible. Nature means being as far from people as possible, ideally far enough to be free of all traces of man—an easily managed vacation goal in a nation so drastically underpopulated. And of Swedish nature's two perspectives, the one looking out from the nation's land space and the one which turns inward toward its obscure internal spaces, sea and forest, the emotional accent falls on the latter. Although more than half of Sweden is bordered by the sea and Stockholm is itself a collection of islands (so that anywhere in the city one is only a few minutes' walk from water and a bridge) at the dense end of a vast archipelago, wooded land and the remote inner lakes supply the more profound and compelling experience of nature. The forest is not only a dominant physical reality that covers more than half the land area of Sweden, but a vital national metaphor. "To go to the forest" means to vanish. "Get to the woods" means go to hell. The forest is a kind of ideal landscape, whose authority for the spectator has, so far as I can tell, little to do with the anemic idea that nature is "beautiful." For the Swedes, nature is not an aesthetic object, as it mostly is for us, but a healing environment or medium: impersonal, stable, dense but empty, both threatening and yet (compared to human contact) enthralling and revitalizing. While it would be presumptuous of me to speculate much more about what kind of pleasures the Swedes get from their solitary experiences with nature, I don't doubt that many people here are quite dependent on them for their psychic equilibrium.

Swedes often attribute the awkwardness and flatness of their urban life to the fact that "we're still a country people, a nation of peasants." Industrialization came late to Sweden; most of the people in Stockholm (I'm told) still remember the forest, and their surly manners are those of isolated farmers and woodsmen, from which background also stems their lack of talent for creating a minimally warm, gregarious urban settlement. Even more common is explanation-by-Montesquieu: the weather. It's so cold, there's so little light. After hearing this innumerable times, often delivered as a hesitant bid for sympathy, I hardly know what to do with this theory except to agree with it and ignore it. Of course, it's true. The weather is dismal, peculiarly depressing: not so much the cold, which is no more severe than Canada, as the absence of light. For me, the weather explains nothing—and everything. It might well make the Swedes a nation of chronic depressives. (It seems just common sense that the psychiatric division of Stockholm's Karolinska Hospital, Sweden's largest medical facility, maintains a sanatorium for some of their severely disturbed patients in sunny Spain.) But weather doesn't explain the sub-paranoid strain in Swedish culture, the polite suspicion that permeates all human contacts.

THE COST OF THAT MUTED AMBIANCE of suspicion for the Swedes seems very high. As with all deep moral traits, it is blatantly inscribed on the bodies of the Swedes—both expressing and powerfully reinforcing their psychic bind. This is the origin of, and the mode of perpetuating, the famous Swedish "clumsiness," a clumsiness as much a physical fact as one of personal relations. It's true

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that the Swedes are spectacularly good-looking, but a discrepancy between beauty of face and unliberated body is fairly common. The inhibition is less apparent in the body at rest than in its pattern of movement: little mobility of the head; inexpressive shoulders; locked pelvis; inflexible, too erect carriage. The problem of the rigid body seems less acute, and less prevalent, in women than in men, which is probably why everyone praises the beauty of Swedish women more often than of Swedish men—though for faces, I find the men even better looking than the women. And yet most Swedes are in exceptional physical health, as one can instantly observe by their good complexions and by the paucity of people who are overweight; and large numbers are addicted to exercise (swimming, jogging, skiing, saunas are part of people's ordinary lives well into their thirties) long past the age when most middle-class Americans have settled for unbroken sedentariness. How they manage to maintain their physical stiffness against the trajectory of their good health and all that exercise only testifies, I guess, to the force of the physical-psychic inhibition. These stiff bodies are the perfect instruments to act out the characteristic Swedish insensitivity to physical presence. When someone shoves me accidentally while, say, we are both struggling into heavy winter coats in the tiny foyer of a restaurant, and doesn't look up, excuse himself, or acknowledge what's happened in any way, I've wondered, did he actually feel it? Maybe he didn't.

The physical inhibitedness of the Swedes is, I think, closely connected with the spectacular pornography industry that flourishes here. Everything you can imagine is legal and easily available, at least in Stockholm. You can rent blue films by the hour or day, and cheaply, by calling one of a number of companies listed in the telephone directory; if you want a dildo, you can buy one at your nearest sex store. But what's interesting is not what you can find if you look or ask, but what you can't avoid seeing. Amazing color close-ups of mouth-genital acts are on display a few inches away at eye level as you buy a paper at a sidewalk kiosk in downtown Stockholm or pay for your cigarettes over a tobacconist's counter. It seems to me not only that this casualness curiously de-eroticizes pornography, but that such a profusion of pornographic images is unlikely to arise except in a culture so anesthetized sensorially that people literally don't react to the images. For that's exactly what happens here. People walk along the street and don't look at all. If you see a few people standing in front of a kiosk or a sexbook display window, they are most likely foreigners. I have thought of Japan, another nation with a pornography industry comparable to Sweden (and rather like Sweden in its cultural thematics of prudence and formality versus the casting off of restraints, sobriety versus drunkenness). But Japanese pornography, what I've seen of it, seems very different: much more robust, more playful, more involving, and often compatible with, instead of destructive of, romantic feeling. Of course, the Japanese benefit from a tradition of erotic art—books and woodprints and illustrated sexual manuals—that is centuries old, while Swedish pornography in its present form is very young. Pornography in Sweden, which went completely public only around five years ago, via a breakthrough film (Bergman's *The Silence*) and a book of erotic stories written for the occasion by established authors (*Kärlek I—Love I*—published in 1964; the series is now up to *Kärlek XII*), has a quality for which the kindest word would be primitive. Have you had the patience yet to stand on line to see *I am Curious*? I hesitate to urge it on you, but should you be feeling in a sociological mood, the film will give you a good whiff of Sweden. Hardly the whole reality, but some of the characteristic deficiencies: the lack of personal sophistication and finesse, the emotional naiveté, the childish self-centeredness, the anti-erotic character of many people here.

Official sexual "policy," of course, is admirably enlightened. Sex education has been compulsory in the schools, starting in the fourth grade, since 1955; in some city schools ninth graders are taken to visit birth-control centers to learn contraceptive techniques; condoms are sold in automatic vending machines on the streets and in men's rooms in restaurants and other public places. Sexual relations between teen-agers are taken for granted and don't have to be hidden, even in conventional bourgeois families (I've read that 43 per cent of women are pregnant on their wedding day); all university dormitories are coed. Not only is no stigma attached to being a bastard, but it is rather chic in the younger cosmopolitan set for a couple with one or two children not to get married. One of the biggest papers here, *Expressen*, carries a plain-spoken column written by a Danish couple giving advice and information on sexual matters, which encourages people to experiment with different positions and preaches tolerance for erotic minorities; "Sten and Inge" have become household names in Sweden (as they are in Denmark), the Dr. Spock of the Scandinavian bedroom. The Swedes are curious, no doubt of that. But they aren't very sensitive to what kind of images and situations are erotically exciting. The aptly named *I am Curious* quite exactly, and unintentionally, conveys the sexually underdeveloped atmosphere here, which is if anything reinforced by the pornography industry. I doubt that pornography is turning any Swedes on to sex. Its prevalence seems rather one more barrier to eroticism, one more hurdle the Swede has to jump before he can be fully inside his own feelings, his own skin. So far as one can distinguish between pornography that degrades sexual feeling and pornography that stimulates and enhances it, what the Swedes have around belongs mostly to the first type. All those medium shots of women with their legs spread in the dozens of monthly photo magazines decorating the kiosks seem like illustrations for some mad gynecologist's encyclopedia, whose only service could be to cure a few people's anatomical ignorance. Such images are numbing to men, I imagine, and experienced as demeaning by women. I don't mention this last only because it's been my own reaction, but because these images so patently subvert the public commitment of the Swedes to be more sensitive than other people to the task of conferring dignity and genuine liberty to women. (I should add that many Swedes I know have voiced the same objection to these images.) The best use that the Swedes have made of their freedom to manufacture and multiply pornographic imagery is as something aggressive, dropping all pretense to being sexually inviting. Pornographic cartoons and drawings are a regular feature in many of the flourishing number of informally-produced Left magazines and pamphlets. Though my own taste in the genre of radical political pornography runs to something wittier, less strident —like the pioneering (for us) fantasies of Paul Krassner in *The Realist*—much of the Swedish work, particularly a monthly called *Puss* (*Kiss*), is clever and on target.

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SWEDISH PORNOGRAPHY IS, OF COURSE, just one expression of a culture deeply ambivalent about the fulfillment of its sensuality. (I wonder how many of the radicals who criticize the puritanism of socialist countries are as struck by the anti-erotic character of advanced, permissive capitalist society.) Another is the mediocre food people put up with: pallid overcooked vegetables, thin slices of well-done meat buried in gravy, the abominable *korv* (sausage) which is, in countless varieties, the national dish. Some of the food is good: particularly the fish, usually fresh and not too much interfered with in cooking, the many kinds of herring (if you like herring), the ritual Thursday night pancakes and pea soup with pork, and the famous *kräftor* (a kind of crayfish) that comes into season in August and is the occasion for two weeks of collective national hysteria in the form of *kräftor* parties at which people eat with their hands, get drunk, wear little party hats, and throw paper streamers at each other. But these are the peaks of a generally unsensuous diet and experience of food. Swedes command nothing like the Slavic appetite, and eat a good deal less than Americans do and with less gusto than most other European peoples. One contradiction, though, to this low order of sensuality in Sweden is the refinement and grace of manufactured things, particularly domestic artifacts (a feature of life here shared with the other Scandinavian countries and with Finland, which currently sets the vanguard standards). The level of design in clothing, furniture, and kitchenware is high; "Swedish modern" reflects ordinary taste here, not just that of sophisticated consumers. Small details are introduced into public spaces for no other reason than to afford visual pleasure, like the unobtrusive relief images placed randomly at child's eye-level on the pillars along the platform of one Stockholm subway station. Unlike Americans, Swedes care about the cumulative depression which comes from inhabiting a material environment that doesn't gratify, or positively offends, the senses. I've read that in the big iron-ore mine at Kiruna, in the far north, the walls of each new tunnel are whitewashed as soon as it is bored.

Sweden, with the striking unanimity of its people in body type and sensibility, is the antithesis of a melting-pot. The country has never been conquered by a foreign power, and while one-fourth of the population left, mostly for the States, during the last four decades of the 19th century, up to World War II Sweden attracted few tourists and a tiny number of foreign immigrants. Even today, with substantial tourism, with the postwar invasion of American cultural imagery, and with close to a half million non-Swedes living here (foreigners, half from Finland and the rest mainly from Southern Europe, now make up over five per cent of the labor force), the essential homogeneity of Swedish life seems undisturbed. But possibly because of their historical and geographical isolation and the lack of internal cultural diversity, Swedes have, compared with many other European peoples, a relatively weak drive toward differentiation as individuals, which is not compensated for by participation in organic structures of community. Individuality, regarded as a value in itself, is the preeminent form of high-voltage energy available in capitalist society. With their limited appetite for individuality, and untouched or unpersuaded by another valid formation of persons (such as those pre-capitalist or socialist society provides), the Swedes appear to be functioning with a deficit of energy. And the center of Swedish intensity, "nature," is not one which returns people to social life (the kind led here) with an increased vitality, but rather keeps them in a state of chronic psychic and communal alienation.

PERHAPS IT'S JUST THIS DEGREE of alienation that has enabled Sweden to develop a society more egalitarian than any other operating within the framework of capitalism. The country is, for instance, virtually servantless, to a much greater extent than England, the United States, Australia, and Canada. That affluent people can't, probably shouldn't, employ domestic help has been accepted with surprising grace. (I say surprising because, after all, Sweden is a rich country whose citizens are constantly being addressed and solicited as free-lance consumers—with ubiquitous commercial advertising, etc.—and are far from the stage of becoming disillusioned with or critical of the value of private material acquisition.) The few rich families who do keep one maid often act embarrassed about it, or have partly lost the art of giving orders and letting themselves be waited on. As it becomes increasingly hard to recruit Swedes into service jobs, conversion to self-service facilities in stores, hotels, gas stations, and cheaper restaurants multiplies. In Stockholm most waiters are Yugoslavs and Italians, but the foreigner-as-servant also embarrasses many Swedes because foreigners talk too loudly, don't bathe daily, are impolite to women on the street, and may not be honest. The Swedes rarely *show* any of these feelings, of course. (The Southern Europeans, on their side, find the Swedes unbearably cold, stiff, and priggish; and despite those high wages paid unskilled work for which they emigrated, frequently are unable to stand it here.)

Though they lack candor and try to remain masked, Swedes have a genuine gift for democratic manners. At work, the Swedes, unlike the Germans and Japanese, tend to treat superiors with little show of deference, no more or less informally than they do peers and subordinates. Their style is rather American, except that they're far more polite and rarely vulgar. That one person is older than someone else is also rarely used to create situations of inequality. Indeed, in certain arts and professions there is now a thriving prejudice in favor of youthful candidates as such over talented and well-trained people whose misfortune it is to be forty or older. (Observing so many Swedes in their early or middle twenties filling important decision-making roles in TV, movies, theatre, journalism, law, business, and government reminds me that in the United States, people are considered young and still promising at forty, and, with a few exceptions, not trusted with large executive power until their fifties and sixties. For all its flattery of youth in the prevailing norms of family life and education and in the content of the media, America is a country in which almost all real power is wielded by the very old.)

Probably the most celebrated of all the egalitarian projects undertaken by Swedish society concerns the situation of women. Equality between the sexes, as a matter of tone in the society, is much more advanced here than in the States. For instance, many of the rituals of male gallantry that demean, coddle, and patronize women have dropped out of public relations between the sexes. All the major social and economic agents in Sweden officially support the policy of opening more jobs to women, particularly those from which they've traditionally been excluded. In the late 1950's the State Lutheran Church began ordaining women pastors; more than 75 per

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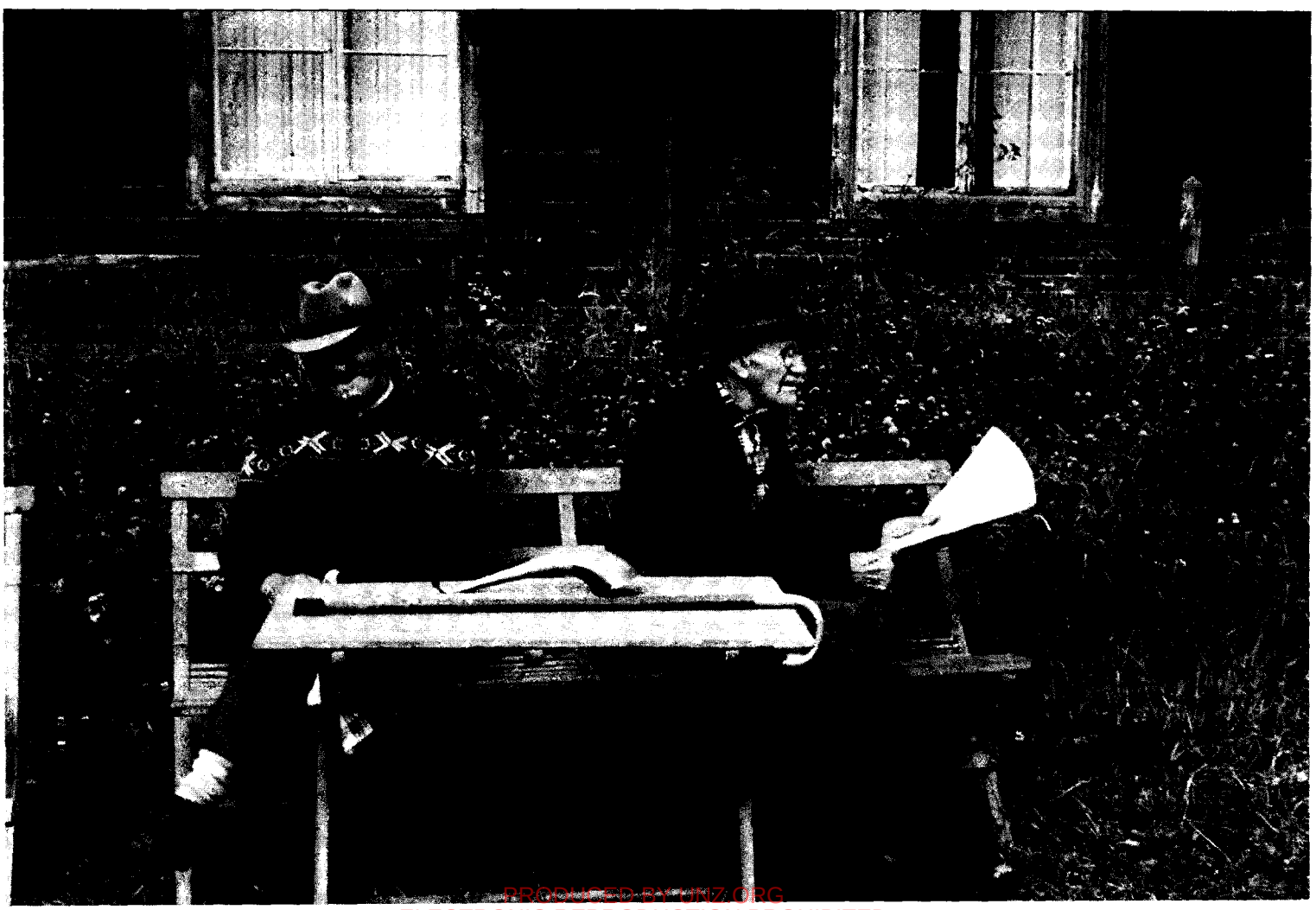
cent of crane operators are women now, as are a fair number of drivers of busses, subways, and taxis; the Swedish Air Force recently announced that it will begin recruiting women pilots. People here have at least got the idea that sexual stereotyping is both vulgar and unjust, so that it has almost vanished from the conversation of those who regard themselves as civilized, as well as from public oratory and even from some journalism. Take my own experience. Sweden is probably the only country in Europe or the Americas where I could spend all the months it takes to make a movie without ever once having it called to my attention by anyone, not even with a single remark or nuance of behavior, that I was not a film director but a woman film director. (Needless to say, the liberation of Swedish women, and therefore of Swedish men, has far to go. Though in theory they can enter any occupation they choose at equal pay and with equal chances for advancement, in fact Swedish women are not all that numerous in the professions and occupy an insignificant number of positions of economic and political power. Only 14 per cent of the members of Parliament are women, for example. Also, given the unavailability of domestic help and the insufficiency of public facilities for child care, the practical obstacles to mothers of small children working full-time are perhaps even greater here than in the States.)

THIS IS BOTH AN ACUTELY MATERIALISTIC society and, reinforced by full employment and the most comprehensive network of social benefits of any capitalist country, a fairly uncompetitive one—uncompetitive without being genuinely cooperative or spontaneously communal. Like the Germans, Swedes are devoted to rules and get rattled by disorder: old ladies glare at you if you cross an empty street against the light, someone with whom you share an office may well reproach you if you don't hang your coat on the same peg every day. Union rules can prevent people from working overtime, so that, for instance, a bookstore can't get permission to stay open after 6 p.m., no matter how much the owner is willing to pay his clerks. Ushers in the big theatres will refuse to let you be seated if you haven't first checked your coat; it isn't optional, and there are no exceptions. But for all their compulsion to abide by rules, the Swedes seem considerably less efficient than the Germans, the Japanese, certainly than the Americans. One cause of the inefficiency, which I've already mentioned, is that hardly anyone gets fired. Even cabinet ministers do not resign when their departments commit some basic error of policy or administration. (Because honesty is assumed, no one is likely to suspect corruption as the explanation of an inept performance.) Often people don't feel called on even to apologize or express regret for poor work when it is pointed out to them. Another cause is a widespread reluctance to take the initiative. The average Swede prefers to follow instructions, though people who like to give them are rare here, or to decide things in a committee. Collective decisions, naturally, take some time to reach—not just because committees are like that, but because of the value Swedes set on compromise. As conversations here are seldom argumentative, since speakers tend either to accept each other's views or keep quiet if they disagree, decisions tend to be deferred until



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familiarity has stripped them of any appearance of ruthlessness. While sometimes Swedish inefficiency appears to resolve back into a symptom of insufficient energy, there's more to the phenomenon. Swedes do in fact feel ambivalent about efficiency. They shun it, fearing that it nourishes competitiveness. (So it does, in capitalist society.) And they admire it. A number of times I've heard two Swedes remarking to each other, somewhat bemusedly but with definite approval, that so-and-so is very "professional" at his job, referring to occupations where I'd have thought *that* would be taken for granted. As I've discovered, it isn't here. When I asked a young lawyer I know to explain the basis of the fortune of the Wallenbergs, the richest and most powerful family in the country, his prompt answer was, "They're the most efficient and business-like. They'll fire anyone who doesn't do his job right." What I'd been asking, of course, was which industries and natural resources the Wallenbergs control.

Swedish inefficiency is not at all like the notorious muddle of Mediterranean countries, which reflects a high incidence of personal corruption, a weak work ethic, and a hypertrophy of bureaucratic structures. It's obvious that lots of work gets done in Sweden—how else could such prosperity be created?—but by a different, slower clock than Americans use. Swedes are good at making things: there is a superb level of craftsmanship here, an enthusiastic pedantry of the object. But the level drops when people have to be added in. Swedes are unreliable, for instance, about answering letters or returning calls. Though they are invariably punctual for appointments, a kind of unconscious inner resistance frequently operates in making appointments at all. The reply to "Let's have dinner next Wednesday" is often "I'll let you know on Monday," and there's a fair chance of not getting any word on Monday—and at the next encounter, no allusion to the fact that a dinner together had been planned.

IT MUST BE BECAUSE SWEDES FIND IT EASIER than do most people not to heat up when discussing controversial (i.e. important) subjects or confronting practical emergencies that they make good mediators and international diplomats, as everyone says. However anxiety-ridden they may be, they are specialists in the art of appearing—by silence, by lack of color and gesture when they talk—impervious to many ordinary pressures, incapable of being shocked. The stolid, unflappable air of many people here reproduces in miniature a characteristic quality and a basic world-historical posture of the country as a whole. For all its innovative daring, Swedish society projects a strong and convincing appearance of stability, settledness. Genuine risk-taking (more exactly, the consciousness of taking a risk) is incompatible with the conviction that one is entirely safe. And that's what the Swedes do feel. Their profound feeling of safety, institutionalized in the security net spread for every citizen within the country's borders, owes first of all to the fact that the Swedes have managed to stand aside from the principal melodramas and tragedies of modern history: through luck, an ingenious contrapuntal mix of international friendships defined as an official policy of non-alignment (Sweden has joined no formal alliances since the Congress of Vienna of 1814-15), and keeping their cool. One friend told me, mixing mild self-mockery with frankness, "You know, when I go abroad I always feel safe, wherever I am, just because I'm a Swede." But that safety also means that everything which happens abroad seems, from here, remote and a little unreal. One gets the bad news, but the emotion is defused by the fact of being in Sweden. I remember that last August 21st, when the Russians invaded Czechoslovakia, my first thought, after the initial moment of shock and tears, was to wish I were in New York right then, where I would feel so much nearer to Prague. Just seeing the front pages of the newspapers filled every day with Swedish news only—except for superevents, like Kennedy murders and Kennedy remarriages—makes every big international event seem far away.

To tell you something about local politics, I have to start at the beginning, with the ruling Social Democratic Party. At the time of its founding in 1899, the great majority of its members were trade unionists, among them a core of Marxists committed to the analytical and tactical perspective of class warfare. But this element of the leadership lost out in the newly formed party, whose chief aim, to stimulate the growth of the trade unions, was instead pursued, and successfully so, by preaching class solidarity. This ideology was further consolidated by the decision of the unions in 1898 to set up a separate central body to handle their own affairs, which they called *Landsorganisationen i Sverige* ("The Nationwide Organization in Sweden"), popularly known as the LO. After the businessmen and industrialists formed their "union"—the SAF—in 1902, relations between labor and capital (including bargaining for wages, the use of the strike) have been coordinated from the top and tend to be nationwide actions. Most Swedish industrial workers still belong to the LO, though it has some competition from two smaller unions formed in the Depression years: the TCO, mainly white collar workers and the more skilled industrial craftsmen, and the SACO, professionals and academics. The Social Democrats have been the largest party in Parliament since 1917. Although many predicted that they would finally lose their majority in the election of last September, in fact their vote increased—from 43 per cent to 51 per cent. The next biggest party, the Center Party, whose main constituency is farmers, trailed with 18 per cent, while both the Right Party (just what it sounds like) and the Liberals got 15 per cent of the vote. The Social Democratic Party still interlocks with the LO in many ways (for instance, most union locals collectively affiliate their membership to the party) as well as with the Cooperative Union, the KF, founded in 1899 and the third principal element of the official power structure. But—and this is the main point—at no time was the Social Democratic Party ever committed to revolutionary socialism; Marxist influence in the trade union movement has always been marginal; and the innumerable retail trade enterprises run by the KF aren't socialist cooperatives but a form of public-spirited commercial development oriented toward both profit and "consumer education." Ninety-one per cent of the economy lies in private hands, and the growth rate of the five per cent which the government owns lags way behind that of the private sector. (Cooperatives own the remaining four per cent.) Certainly Sweden is not a socialist country, though—to my surprise—one hears many people here assert that it is.

Rather, it's an intelligent, relatively humanely managed capitalist country which doesn't permit anyone who lives here to be poor (through individual subsidy and insurance programs, and many free services) and also puts some obstacles

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in the way of being very rich (taxes start at 10 per cent but rise steeply, with few loopholes, to 80 per cent), though not insuperable ones. But it apparently makes people more amiable, comfortable, secure to think of the country as socialist. The real content of the term socialist for the average Swede is the denial of class conflict, which is to say, the affirmation of the status quo.

"Socialism" is a comprehensive anti-ideological ideology, concealing and neutralizing all genuine ideological strife and struggles for power. (The description of Sweden as a country with a socialist government functions similarly to the self-identification of most Americans, whatever their income and social situation, as "middle class.") It is, perhaps, as pretty an instance of false consciousness as you could find. I have heard many quite intelligent Swedes insist to me that there are no social classes here—despite the ownership of most of Sweden's resources, banks, and large-scale manufacture by a few families; and the patently weighty role of the bourgeoisie and still strong credibility of bourgeois values.

Probably just as many people regarded the country as socialist in the 1930's, when a small but vocal Nazi party existed here, and during World War II, when (I'm told) at least half the population was pro-German, as do today. Still, it seems scarcely imaginable now that much of the country was in that mood only a few decades ago. For what's most striking to an American here is the ubiquity and immense respectability of left-liberal ideas. A poll nearly two years ago indicated that 80 per cent of the population condemns the American aggression against Viet-Nam. Scathing attacks on the church, the institution of the family, the collaboration of Swedish industry with imperialism abroad are a staple of TV debate and newspaper articles. Decorating one of Stockholm's main subway stations (Östermalm, the city's Silk Stocking district) is a frieze of imagery and lettering that could fill a graphics supplement to *Liberation*: the Aldermaston symbol set at intervals on the floor; sandblasted into the walls, sketches of ecstatic figures with clenched fists or open arms, heads with the look of having been flayed by suffering, interspersed with several bars of the Internationale, the word Peace in a dozen languages, slogans denouncing nuclear weapons and the use of pesticides, and a smörgåsbord of resonant names, including Fanon, Sartre, and Brecht, as well as Virginia Woolf, Einstein, etc. The remarkable decor of this public space is the work of Siri Derkert—an artist in her seventies also famous here as one of the first Swedish feminists, a bohemian, and a pacifist—commissioned by the city authorities. To find such art in a subway station is startling, but the Stockholmers don't seem surprised by it at all. The ideas and attitudes of, say, *The Village Voice*, are "establishment" opinions—expressed daily in *Dagens Nyeter*, the country's equivalent to the New York Times, and on the government-owned TV. Even further left (by American standards) of *Dagens Nyeter* is another of Stockholm's four daily papers, *Aftonbladet*, owned by the LO, which carries a regular Sunday column by Göran Palm, one of Sweden's best younger poets and perhaps the most intelligent of the new radical social critics. (There is one conservative paper in Stockholm, *Svenska Dagbladet*, as well as one in Göteborg and in Uppsala, which while not exactly supporting U.S. policy, do not attack it.) Not only in matters of social criticism and political innovation but in the arts as well, a comparably advanced perspective rules: what educated Americans consider vanguard theatre, films, poetry, and painting is mainstream here. Sweden's one first-class international celebrity in the arts, Ingmar Bergman, is subject to an amount of disparagement here as an old-fashioned, irrelevant, and reactionary artist that would astonish his admirers abroad. Recently, Bergman knocked down the drama critic of *Dagens Nyeter* at an open rehearsal of his excellent new production of *Wozzeck* at the Royal Dramatic Theatre because this critic —who is, remember, the equivalent of Clive Barnes—has for some time been arguing that good Swedish theatre today exists only in the equivalent of off-off-Broadway here. (Bergman's tantrum, of course, fascinated and titillated the Swedes, and was the top headline in the papers for days.) For at least two years, the prestige critics test every new movie, theatre, and play production for its radical political engagement.

HOW IMPORTANT OR WEIGHTY the left-liberal sentiments here are, for all their ubiquity, is the big question. Marcuse's repressive tolerance is often invoked by "New Left" Swedes. And so far as the policy of tolerance is a self-protective reaction against violence —divesting unsettling or subversive ideas by ingesting them— Sweden *is* a perfect case of the tolerant society. Still, it seems a little forced to view the Swedish power structure as, consciously or in fact, that manipulative. My impression is that the ruling class of this country is genuinely benevolent and filled with good intentions. The vision of a conflictless society is authoritative here, and deep rooted—so much so that it is extremely difficult for the constituency of radical movements to get a purchase on any domestic issues. The energies of the "New Left" are fed almost exclusively by their concern with the international situation.

The catalyst, of course, was Viet-Nam. The first session of the Russell Tribunal, held here in April-May 1967, helped many people to take a stand, though the event was not given much play in the press or on TV. Around the Viet-Nam issue a number of groups have sprung into being, the most important of which are the "NLF Committees," the "Swedish Vietnam Committee," and the "Young Philosophers." The Swedish Vietnam Committee, the most "liberal," i.e. respectable and centrist of the three, is an umbrella organization (like our National Mobilization) encompassing several tendencies; Gunnar Myrdal is one of many big names who have been active in it. It was the SVC which organized that huge demonstration in Stockholm in January 1968, at the head of which the number two figure in the government, Olof Palme, marched alongside the North Vietnamese ambassador to Moscow who was visiting at the time; in reply to this affront to the United States, Ambassador Heath (replaced last summer) was recalled to Washington for several months. The Young Philosophers, in contrast to the SVC, involves mostly people in their twenties and early thirties; it was started in autumn 1965 by Åke Löfgren, a philosophy teacher at the University of Stockholm. He and his students began discussing Viet-Nam from a "moral-political" point of view, then branched out to form groups to discuss other issues such as China, U.S. foreign policy, black power, etc. Eventually their activity expanded into publishing a paper called *For Vietnam* (which doesn't exist now) and short monographs, holding seminars in Stockholm and other cities, visiting schools in the country to give lectures and conduct discussions. While Löfgren is no longer

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active, the movement (they claim to be not an "organization") remains in the hands of graduate students, ex-students, and young academics; among the leading members now are Eric Ericsson, who edits their monthly magazine *Kommentar*, and Bengt Liljenroth. Working from a four-room office in Stockholm (address: Drottninggatan 13), which has an excellent library of political books, documents, and periodicals in many languages, perhaps ten people are involved full-time, thirty part-time, and several hundred for more sporadic work. Unlike the Young Philosophers, whose avowed program is to unite knowledge and engagement, their emphasis being on discussion and gathering information, and who have moved from Viet-Nam to other international issues, the NLF Committees are an agit-prop formation, exclusively concerned with the Viet-Nam war and its implications. They have been the most militant and hard-working of all the groups; they are in the streets, building demonstrations, standing on corners to collect money (they have sent over 1,200,000 kronor—$240,000—to the NLF), and sell their newspaper, the *Vietnam Bulletin*. Their members include both students and workers. The only important intellectual figure of the Swedish New Left who's well-known abroad, Jan Myrdal, the author of *Report from a Chinese Village* and *Confessions of a Disloyal European*, is associated with them. Another ally is Sweden's most celebrated living novelist, Sara Lidman, who several years ago gave up writing novels, enrolled at the University of Stockholm to study economics, and now devotes her time to political writing and speaking in factories. (Sara Lidman and Peter Weiss are two senior writers here who experienced a dramatic conversion to radical politics about five years ago, and were the first important public voices raised over the Viet-Nam war; around February 1965, they both began writing about it in the Swedish papers. In October 1965 Lidman went to North Viet-Nam, and the following year published a book called *Conversations in Hanoi*. Weiss delayed his visit until after the completion and premiere of his long historical documentary play *Vietnam Discourse* last year; he spent six weeks last April and May in Hanoi and has since published a book on Vietnamese culture.)

If recently the energies of the younger Left have drained out of the Viet-Nam issue, it is understandable. The movement has been an amazing success. It has spearheaded a decisive shift in Swedish public opinion and in the highest government circles, made official by the government's decision this March to establish diplomatic relations with the DRV (which means trade and economic aid to the Vietnamese). This, the biggest and most tangible result of the activities of the Swedish New Left, probably signals the end of the Viet-Nam movement as such. After all, what more could the present government be pressured into doing? Sweden already receives American deserters—although with some reluctance. As of April 15th, 204 deserters had been granted official permission to stay in the country (twice the number announced the same month by the Pentagon); at least another hundred are waiting for their applications for asylum to be processed. And an embargo on the sale of armaments to the United States has been in effect for several years. (This decision, however, didn't indicate a specific disapproval of the war on Viet-Nam. Although Sweden is an important manufacturer of small arms, the government forbids their export to any country at war: Sweden's schizophrenic neutralism. Bofors can sell guns abroad but only when the purchasers aren't actually—or too conspicuously—using them.)

WITH THE GRADUAL WANING OF Viet-Nam activities, much of the New Left's energy has recently turned to Africa. The focus of the campaign is the news that Asea, an electronics firm which is one of Sweden's largest companies, has contracted to help build a hydroelectric plant in Mozambique that will give a major economic boost to the colonial regime and to Rhodesia as well. Busloads of students from the universities of Uppsala and Stockholm have gone up several times to demonstrate before the big Asea plant in Västerås; hundreds of street posters denouncing Asea suddenly appeared some weeks ago in Stockholm, Göteborg and Malmö; there are new photo-exhibits, lectures, and pamphlets on the subject of Portuguese colonialism. For more than a month, in a "theatre boat" docked off one of the central islands of the town, a young acting company has given free performances of their own play about Angola from noon to two p.m. daily, while continuing to perform other people's plays and charge for admission in the evenings.

The black liberation struggle in the States is another movement followed with intense interest by the young Left. Bobby Seale, James Forman, and (in another incarnation) Stokely Carmichael have all been here more than once and talked at the Café Marx, several bare rooms off the rear courtyard of an old building which is the closest Stockholm comes to a radical political club. It's no café, but at one of the scarred wooden tables you can actually get a real argument going over a warm coke or a cup of instant coffee. *Free Huey!* and other films on the Panthers played this winter to capacity audiences at the Swedish Film Institute's cinemathèque and at *Puck*, Stockholm's one independent "art" theater (almost all the cinemas in Sweden are owned by SF or Sandrew, the two major film companies). Another set of activities has been sparked by the presence of Andreas Papandreou, who heads the tiny community of Greek political exiles living here now. During the last year leaflet campaigns have been mounted to give Swedes a bad conscience about taking their vacations in a Greece ruled by the junta, demonstrations held in front of the Greek tourist office, and articles written in the newspapers urging the government to press for the expulsion of Greece from such international bodies as the Council of Europe. There is also a fair amount of awareness of the American counter-insurgency operations in Bolivia and Guatemala. In short, energies are being scattered—perhaps in order to regroup. But at the moment, the Swedish New Left no longer has a unifying cause. The biggest new focus, the liberation struggle in Angola and Mozambique, seems somewhat arbitrarily chosen. The Asea affair is, if not a pretext, a mainly symbolic (i.e. educational) issue. Of course, Asea's argument is that, being a mere ten per cent of the consortium of foreign companies building the hydroelectric plant, construction is unlikely to be affected, much less halted, if they bow to the pressure and give the contract up.

The fact is that the New Left is much clearer about foreign struggles in which Swedish complicity with the wrong side is marginal, if it exists at all—imperialism is the name of the enemy—while the radical discussion of domestic issues remains largely paralyzed. However, the best voices of the New Left—such as Sara Lidman and Göran Palm—are aware of this

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one-sided development. Palm's first book, *An Unjust Sermon* (1966), treated Sweden's relations with other countries, attacking Sweden's neutralism as a hypocrisy in the light of its economic interests in South Africa, India, and the Portuguese colonies. But Palm's second book, *Indoctrination in Sweden* (1968), treats an internal disgrace—unmasking, with great originality, the education for capitalist values contained in the textbooks used in the state school system.

What passes for an Old Left here has a much better eye for injustices existing within Swedish society, unattached to any foreign policy issue. The head of the Communist Party since the early 1960's, C. H. Hermansson, is widely regarded as the most intellectually solid thinker in Swedish politics today. His book about the Swedish oligarchy, *The Fifteen Families* (1966), created a stir and was discussed respectfully by leading figures in the Social Democratic Party. Right now the Parliament is debating what could be the first step toward setting a maximum income: freezing for a trial period of one year the salaries of everyone currently earning more than 40 thousand kronor—$8000. Predictions are that such a law won't be passed in this session but it is not an unlikely development. (Expropriation, however, is an idea quite outside the present framework of Swedish democracy. Nobody anticipates a Swedish government posing any problems for the country's largest income earner, seventy-nine-year-old Jacob Wallenberg, the elder of two financier brothers, who makes more than $300,000 annually and whose capital is said to exceed $11 million.)

The credibility of Hermansson's intelligence has helped to strengthen the ruling party, by making the Social Democrats a little bolder, but has inadvertently weakened his own. The Communists suffered a critical defeat last September 15, dropping from a vote of eight per cent in the previous election to three per cent and losing five of their eight parliamentary deputies. The defeat is generally attributed to backlash from the unanimous public revulsion against the invasion of Czechoslovakia, although Hermansson vehemently denounced the Soviet government's action. But the real trouble is that the CP is not attracting new adherents. Most young radicals dismiss the Swedish CP—unfairly, I think—as merely a reformist group engaged in the parliamentary game, another social democratic party in disguise. By the standards of active revolutionary socialism, this is correct—but less because of its devotion to electoral politics than because the Swedish CP has no loyalties to any faction of the international communist movement. (Before the party went "revisionist" under Hermansson, it was pretty steadily in Moscow's bag.) The purely national character of the Swedish CP was underlined when, in May 1967, the word Left was added to the party's name. (It's now officially the Left Communist Party); and some people here anticipate a second step, which will be to drop the word Communist. But attempts to form a new "Marxist-Leninist" CP have been avoided. At the moment the Left here is in a familiar state of fission. By the way, there is little organized contact, so far as I can tell, with the American deserters. This probably is partly caused by the notorious Swedish shyness, reinforced by the gap between hesitant Swedish manners and those of the young, agitated ex-GI's. Understandably, the deserters tended to stay within their own community—now split into at least two factions, one more consciously political than the other.

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I'VE GIVEN YOU ONLY A FEW DETAILS, a very incomplete sketch, of the political situation, but enough—I hope—to suggest the paradox I see here. The atmosphere seems highly politicized: an increasing number of younger people are talking about politics, and declaring an active sympathy with radical ideas and revolutionary movements abroad. I don't for a moment doubt the sincerity and commitment of the Swedish left, but it too must operate in this desolate psychic landscape—like the Swedish social democratic venture as a whole. Left politics is the one rival to "nature" as a respectable object of passion in Sweden. But, like the involvement with nature, Swedish left politics becomes, in its context, self-alienating. Radical ideas here rarely join with a radical personal consciousness, a radical "psychology"—apart from the conventional antinomianism and anti-bourgeois life-style of youthful dropouts, which seems less relevant in permissive Sweden than it does in the States. Holding radical ideas without a consciousness transformed by them is, for instance, what has limited the liberation of women of this country to formalistic, partly token reforms.

One emotion most Swedes don't feel, never have felt, is resentment—except, perhaps, the leftish young, who still have to grope to find targets for their resentment, and find them mostly outside the borders of Sweden. The overwhelming and tangible presence of governmental benevolence discourages that. (Any ten or more people collecting for a purpose which could be called cultural or educational are eligible for a government subsidy.) In the United States resentment is a widespread emotion and violence, directed against both human beings and nature, a characteristic act. Violence is the act of the underdog. But there are no underdogs in Sweden—at least that is the official self-understanding in the society, an understanding still shared, I would guess, by a majority of the newly radicalized young people. Hence, the low incidence of violent acts here: Sweden may have double the American suicide rate but it has one-tenth the rate of murder, manslaughter, and rape. While there must be a good deal of latent violence here (given the self-contempt and repressed rage one senses in many people) the leading idea of Swedish life remains the refusal of violence, even (wherever possible) of force. This is a country which fights no wars, where capital punishment was abolished 40 years ago, which recently became the first in the world to ban DDT. A Viet-Nam demonstration of 10,000 people can march through the main streets of Stockholm with hardly any visible surveillance from the police. In its entire modern history, Sweden has had only one moment of civic violence, and that in 1931—when the police broke up a Communist-led strike of sawmill workers in Ådalen, a timber-producing area in the north, and a panicky cop fired into the crowd killing five people. (The Ådalen disaster is the subject of a recent book by Birger Norman and of Bo Widerberg's new movie, his first since *Elvira Madigan*.) Almost the only other violation of the Swedish domestic peace was one mild (by our standards) confrontation between New Left youth and the police. When demonstrators came to Båstad, the resort of the south where international tennis matches are held, to protest Rhodesia's participation in the May 1968 games, a few were pushed around and clubbed by the police, and some tear gas was used. No one was badly hurt. But the reaction of Swedes of all political persuasions was shock and incredulity: what happens in other countries just doesn't happen here.

Imagine a society committed to fulfilling any reasonable demand for improvement (short of changing the basic system), avowedly disposed to remedying injustices where it can perceive them. Imagine a society which not only doesn't allow anyone to be destitute, but which tries to be flexible enough to prevent anyone from being too unhappy. Back in the early Beatle era, some young draftees protested being made to cut their hair short. (Compulsory military service here lasts ten months, after which one can be recalled three times, at intervals of six years, for 20 days.) At first, the Army stood firm, but when the matter became public, so many people thought the barbering policy unfair that eventually the Army gave in and stopped enforcing it. One of the most cheerful street sights in Stockholm is the occasional Swedish soldier or sailor with his hair down to the shoulders of his neat uniform, looking a mixture of blond barbudo and hippy. I suppose I'm mentioning that because, of course, government's benevolence doesn't stop people from being unhappy (only from making a fuss); and cheerful visions on the streets of Stockholm are memorable. The dark winter is excruciating. Even the coming of spring—when people stand immobile in the middle of the sidewalk, their faces lifted to the sun—and those few weeks of summer for which the Swedes are so grateful, have their own pathos. Inner weather here is dark, and psychological insight—which would be only the beginning of a new consciousness for the Swedes—is generally felt to be threatening. (A revealing statistic: though mental patients occupy 40 per cent of the hospital beds, only seven per cent of the nation's doctors are treating them. Health services are otherwise excellent, but apparently few medical students long to go into psychiatry.)

Sweden has set me thinking more about the relation of national character to the possibilities and direction of social change. The Swedish hang-ups I've been describing are obviously old and yet they are also of a piece with the society in its present form. Many foreigners have complained about the disillusioning dullness of the Swedish "welfare state," but this is facile. First, Sweden isn't dull. That's not how to describe what goes wrong here. Second, it seems clear that the basic features of Sweden's problem date from centuries ago and constitute a kind of national temperament, a collective historical tradition of emotional disablement: the evidence of accounts by travelers who visited Sweden in the 17th, 18th, and 19th centuries indicates that the general outline of Swedish temperament has remained amazingly stable. I don't believe for a moment that Social Democracy or the "welfare state" is responsible for the profounder defects in the quality of Swedish life. But it is necessary to observe that the advent of totally secular, "enlightened," society operating under the aegis of capitalism and Social Democracy hasn't fundamentally altered the Swedish problem. Which is perhaps only to say that Sweden has enjoyed a great reform, not a radical change. Humane and ingenious as these reforms are, they don't strike at the root of the situation of the Swedes as human beings. They have not awakened the Swedes from their centuries' old chronic state of depression, they have not liberated new energy, they have not—and cannot—create a New Man. To do that Sweden needs a revolution.

See you soon. ¡Hasta la victoria siempre! Love,

Susan

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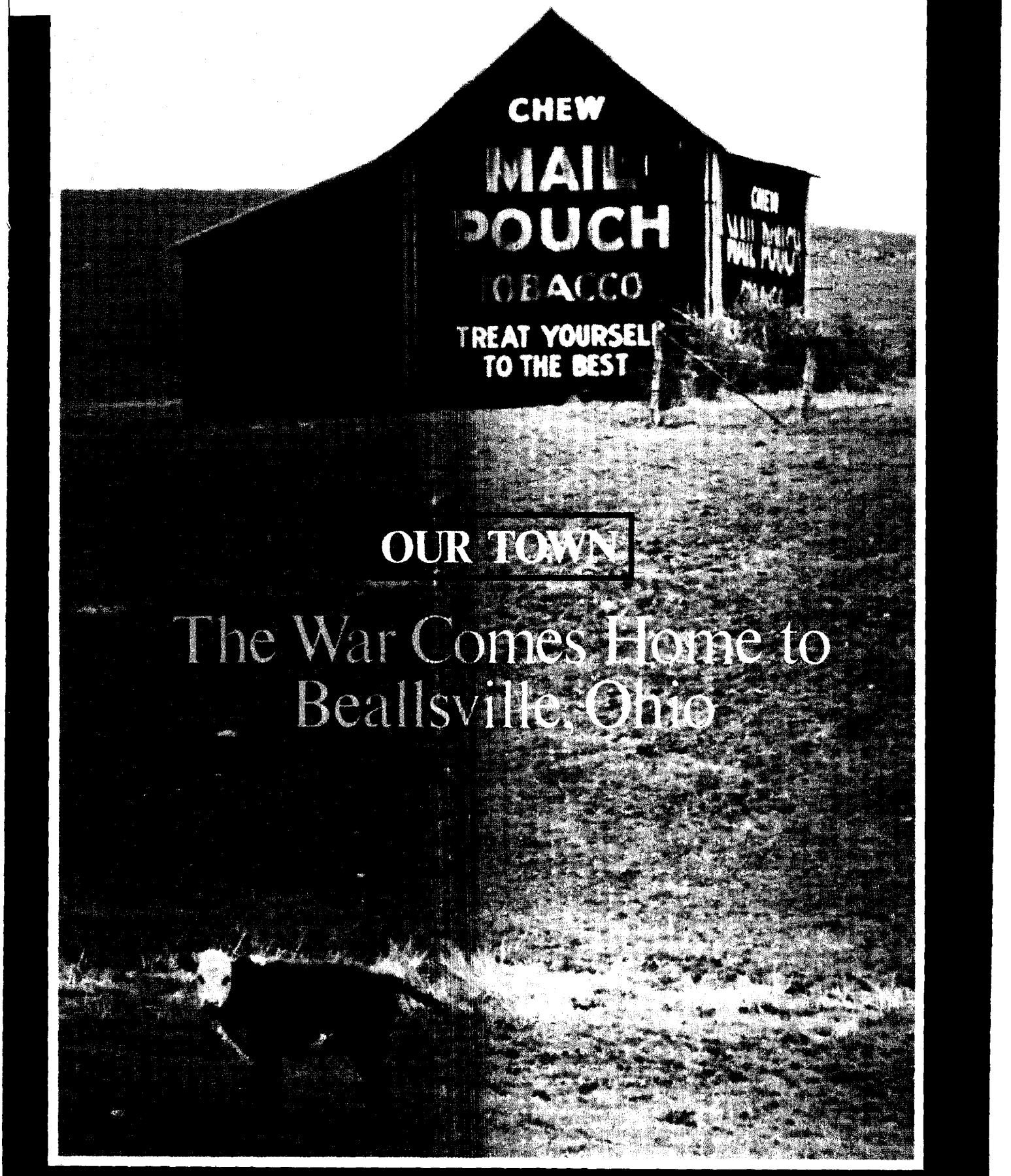

OUR TOWN

The War Comes Home to Beallsville, Ohio

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Earl and Maegene Pittman: "When you lose your only child, you don't have any future."

Washington (AP) The Pentagon has rejected a plea to withdraw from Viet-Nam combat the servicemen from a little Ohio town that had five native sons killed in action....

[Congressman Clarence] Miller made the request in letters to Laird and President Nixon after residents of the town of 450 expressed fear their younger generation was being decimated.

I WENT TO BEALLSVILLE A LITTLE MORE than a month after the town had buried its fifth son, Naval Corpsman Robert Lucas, in a plot of ground overlooking the high school where he and the four other boys had been schoolmates. Three of them now lie with him in the same graveyard and another is buried a few miles away.

Beallsville, on the fringes of Appalachia, is a sleepy southeastern Ohio town, made up of a general store, churches, a post office, farms, frame houses and a cemetery. Intersected by three state highways, it is located 12 miles up a winding road from the Ohio River. The road is State Highway 556, but in Beallsville it is known as Rural Route 3.

Viet-Nam has taken a toll from Beallsville that is 75 times the national average. ("They won't be getting many more of our boys," said Mayor Gramlich. "They drafted the last one of draft age this month.") The war has come home to Beallsville with unique severity, and America's confusions and contradictions about it are sharpened there: the acute consciousness of the waste, against the ingrained heartland patriotism; deep resentment over the lost sons, against the need to be proud of their sacrifice.

I talked to the parents about their sons and the war.

Text and Photographs by Jeffrey Blankfort

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[I]

The Pittmans live in a two-story, many-gabled frame house on a farm six miles up the road from the Beallsville Corporation limits. With no one but themselves now, they use only the first floor. Mr. Pittman works at the Ormet Aluminum plant in Hannibal. In the fall they can peaches from their orchard.

Mrs. Maegene Pittman—whose son Jack was drafted at nineteen, was sent to the infantry and became the town's first casualty—expressed it this way: "They just took him and that was it. We never knew there was a Viet-Nam or anything until he had to go. And to think in eight months we had him back and buried."

Hurt and bitter at the loss of their only child, Mrs. Pittman and her husband, Earl, refused a military funeral. "Jack would have wanted it that way," she said. "He didn't understand the Viet-Nam thing any more than we do. We were bitter. We didn't want no part of a military funeral. I just think we have no business over there. If they were attacking our country, that's different."

Her husband saw things differently: "They're fighting over there with their hands tied behind them is the way I look at it. I always thought they ought to declare war and do it right if they're going to be over there."

"Why do you think we are there?" I asked.

He smiled. "Politics."

And you, Mrs. Pittman?

She looked over at her husband and then back at me. "It's a political war."

As I talked with the Pittmans, I sat beneath a case containing a photograph of their son and the trophies he had won at Beallsville High where he had been captain of the football and basketball teams. Before he was drafted, his mother said, he had taken "a little team of eighth graders under his wing to teach them basketball. He was a good Christian boy.

"Being our only son, we just gave everything we had to our country. We've got each other," said Mrs. Pittman, exchanging glances with her husband. "But when you get our age you look for your grandchildren, your family to multiply. Now both of us is left with, we might as well say, no future. When you lose your only child, you don't have any future."

[II]

On the same road, back toward town, Kenneth and Betty Rucker live in a blue frame house on the edge of a small farm. Their son Richard was killed on Memorial Day last year. Also drafted at nineteen, he had served eight months in combat with the infantry.

Mr. Rucker works, when work is available, as an electrical lineman. A veteran of World War II, he was eager to talk about his son:

"He was very clean-cut. All his hobbies were clean. He didn't smoke, he didn't chew, he didn't drink, and he didn't specially want to go to the service much. But he was a boy that wouldn't object. Whatever he had to do, he did it and did it willingly."

What do you think about the war, Mr. Rucker? What would you do?

"There is not much you can do," he replied. "I do what they tell me, but I see this thing is out of hand and we shouldn't have been involved—which he didn't want to be. But he was

Betty and Kenneth Rucker, whose son Richard was killed on Memorial Day last year: "He was a boy that wouldn't object. Whatever he had to do, he did it and did it willingly."

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Mary Greenlee: "[Duane] wrote home in letters he didn't know what he was fighting for." He was killed 44 days after he was sent to Viet-Nam. "If I had been President, I would have done like Hiroshima."

that kind of boy. He wouldn't shirk no part of his American body for communism."

Betty Rucker, Richard's stepmother who raised him from the first grade, broke down in tears when she started to talk about him.

"There's just no sense to it. Just a slaughter. A lot of young kids going over there to get killed for no reason at all. We have no business over there.

"They hadn't even started their lives yet. They give them a few weeks training and they say, 'Well, you're ready, boy, go ahead.' What can you do? They don't know anything. Only kill or be killed. That's all Rich thought about, kill or be killed.

"They tell us we're over there to fight communism," she said. "If the South Vietnamese want to fight, let them fight their own battles."

Richard, in his last month of combat, had been showing signs of mental fatigue. "They checked him and said he was just a little nervous," said his father, "and then in three days he was killed."

Two days before he died, Richard wrote home:

"Well, we got into the shit again here. This is near suicide. Every day I say, you are going to make it Rich, you are going to make it."

"I gave my boy a full military funeral," said Kenneth Rucker, "but it was rough."

[III]

Duane Greenlee joined the Marines in January, 1966, at the age of eighteen. He was sent to Viet-Nam that July and served 44 days before he was killed.

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Robert Lucas Sr.: "I'd draw the boys out of there and there wouldn't be no Viet-Nam to it."

Esther Schnegg, mother of eight. Her husband Ernest said of their oldest son's death: "I was counting on Charles to work on the farm. The government took him and didn't give anything in return."

Shortly after Duane's death, his parents separated. His father, Duane Sr., moved to Bellaire, Ohio, a few miles from Wheeling, while his mother, three brothers and four sisters relocated in Clarington, 12 miles from Beallsville.

I talked with Mrs. Greenlee over her morning cup of coffee.

"It don't seem like Duane's gone yet. It's really hard. It hits me at times and it's pretty hard to take. I know what all the other mothers feel like. I wanted to go to each one of their funerals but I just couldn't. I just stayed away and thought about it as though they were my own boys. It's hard to talk about it.

"I knew all the boys but Jack. The others had all been to my house with Duane at different times.

"I'm certainly proud of my boy. All his life he wanted to be a Marine. When he was home on furlough before he went over, we asked him if he was scared. He said he wasn't scared but he'd rather go there and fight for mom and dad and his brothers and sisters than have them come over here and fight.

"I have a son thirteen coming up and he can't wait to get in the Marines. He's going to. They're all real proud of their brother."

Do you know, or did Duane know, why he was over there?

"Duane really wanted to go and help out but he said he didn't know what he was going over there for. He wrote home in letters he didn't know what he was fighting for. He didn't see any sense in it and I don't see where we've gained anything at all by any of them being over there. I just wish it was all over.

"I believe if I had been President," she said, and dropped her voice, "I would have done like Hiroshima."

[IV]

"Our kid, he done most of the farming," Mr. Ernest Schnegg recalled. "I was doing construction work down at

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Beallsville Mayor Ben Gramlich

the Norton mine. Charles worked three days a week at Timken Roller Bearings in Cincinnati and when he was off he came home and took care of things."

Ernest and Esther Schnegg now live and work in Barnesville, 19 miles north of Beallsville. Their farm in Beallsville, on which they raised eight children, can no longer support them. Mr. Schnegg works seven days a week at a greenhouse and Mrs. Schnegg is a nurse's aide at Barnesville Hospital.

Charles, their oldest son, was drafted on December 5, 1966, and one day short of a year later was killed, serving with the infantry in Viet-Nam.

Their oldest daughter, Shirley, seventeen, and Roger, now their oldest son at sixteen, live on the farm and attend Beallsville High School.

Mr. Schnegg was tired. He had been working hard all day and his pants were rolled up and his feet were bare.

"I was counting on Charles to work on the farm. He was a farmer. Charles was all I had. The government took him and didn't give anything in return."

[v]

On March 7 of this year, the day before his son died in Viet-Nam, Robert Lucas Sr., age thirty-eight, had a heart attack. As a result he could not attend the funeral. Lucas lives with his wife and his remaining three sons and three daughters in a gaunt, gray two-story farmhouse eight miles outside of Beallsville.

Mr. Lucas came out to the back porch as I drove up, wearing the green work uniform that is a familiar sight in the area. I asked him how he felt. As far as the heart, all right, he guessed. He told me that his wife didn't want to talk to reporters so we sat down on the edge of the porch while his two dogs studied me curiously and we talked for a few minutes about his son and the war.

"Well, I hope to think he died for a purpose."

Do you have any feelings about what the purpose was?

"No."

You have a thirteen-year-old boy. Will he have to go, too?

"Well, I hope not, but if there ever comes a time when he has to defend his country, why I'm sure he'll do it."

Do you think the other boys from Beallsville should be moved from the combat zone?

"Well, the Defense Department, whatever you call it, can't do anything like that, can't favor one boy and put another in, they just can't do it. It's a business same as anything else."

What do you think we should do in Viet-Nam?

"Well, I know what I would do."

What?

"If I had my way, in a week's time it would be over. I'd draw the boys out of there and there wouldn't be no Viet-Nam to it."

[YOU'VE HEARD OF APPALACHIA?]

AFTER THE DEATH OF YOUNG LUCAS, Keith Harper, the Beallsville undertaker, called Monroe County Treasurer Ray Starkey, and said, "Ray, you've got to do something." Starkey, a 50-year resident of the Beallsville area, called their congressman, Clarence Miller. Miller said he would "see if he could 'get the boys moved around a little bit so this won't happen again right away,' " recalls Starkey, "or maybe I said that to him. Doesn't make any

Ferrell McClelland has spent 30 years in the coal mines. "We ain't got no damn business over there to start with."

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difference who said what, that's what he undertook to do."

Congressman Miller contacted the Department of Defense and was turned down.

I asked Starkey about the standard of living in Beallsville.

"It's certainly not plush. You can see that. This is Appalachia. You've heard that term? That's exactly what it is.

"The economic level isn't good here at all. 'Course now the mine has helped the area a bit in the past couple of years. Prior to that, no. Now the aluminum plant complex we've had since '56 has been a big help. If it hadn't been for that I couldn't envision, in the name of peace, what this place would be like. I heard one guy say we'd be making change in possum skins, if it weren't for the plant."

Starkey was referring to the Olin Mathieson Chemical plant in Hannibal, Ohio, 16 miles southeast along the Ohio River, and its adjacent subsidiary, Ormet, owned jointly with Revere Copper and Brass. Ormet has 2500 employees, approximately 90 from the Beallsville area. Olin Mathieson has about 50 employees from Beallsville.

The chemical plant fabricates aluminum sheeting, plating and coil and Ormet turns it into everything from Revere pots and pans to shells for Viet-Nam. The wage scale at both plants runs from $2.84 to $4.60 an hour.

The only other large-scale employment for the area comes from its coal mines operated by North American Coal Company and Ogilby-Norton.

Due to the presence of the mines and aluminum plants, Monroe County workers earn the highest weekly wage of any county in Ohio, an average of $127 a week—for those who get work. But there is also widespread unemployment and, according to Ralph Yoss, county welfare director, 40 per cent of the 4500 families in Monroe County have annual incomes below the official poverty level of $3000.

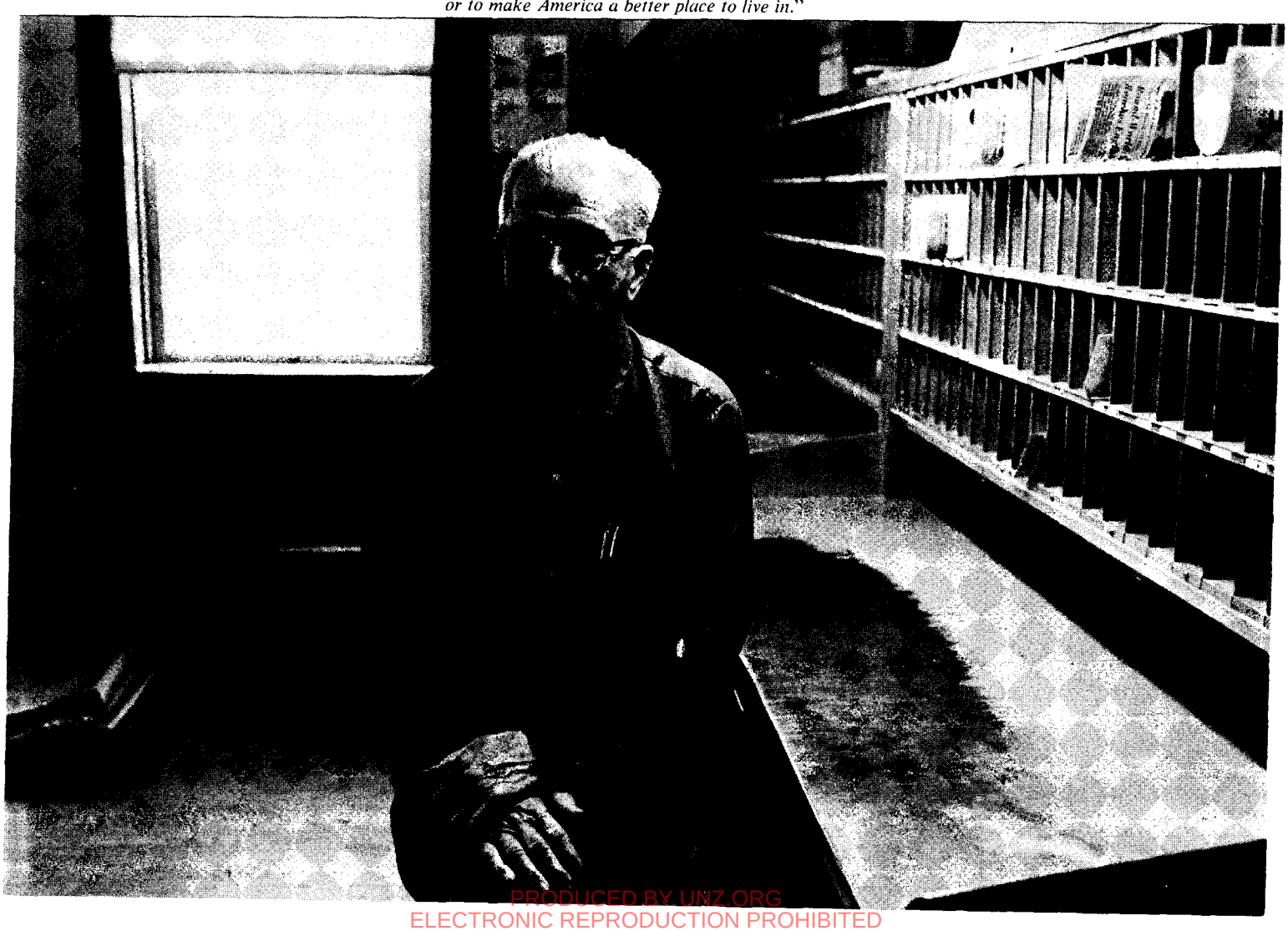
In the Beallsville area, which is defined by the limits of the Beallsville School District and includes approximately 1000 people, 87 families are receiving some form of federal or local assistance. Besides Beallsville, the school district includes the towns of Malaga, Jerusalem, Aladonia, Switzer, Ozark and Armstrong Mills, crossing over a short way into Belmont County. It is from this general area with its larger population that the five boys originate.

There are at least six more boys from Beallsville stationed in Viet-Nam and several more apparently on their way.

In the first group is Randy Gramlich, son of Beallsville Mayor Ben Gramlich. "I'm not a dove," the mayor told me. "I never said I was a hawk, either. Still, this war, I can't see where it's any different than the rest. It's just to preserve freedom in the world."

Mr. Gramlich owns one of the town's two cafes, Jacqueline's Place, which is run by his wife. In the back he maintains the "J.F.K. Recreation Center," a free pool hall for Beallsville teenagers. Since the restaurant cannot bring in enough business to support the family, the mayor works the night shift at Olin Mathieson.

Postmaster Vern Jeffers, an active member of his American Legion post: "I wouldn't enlist because I don't think this is a war to defend America or to make America a better place to live in."



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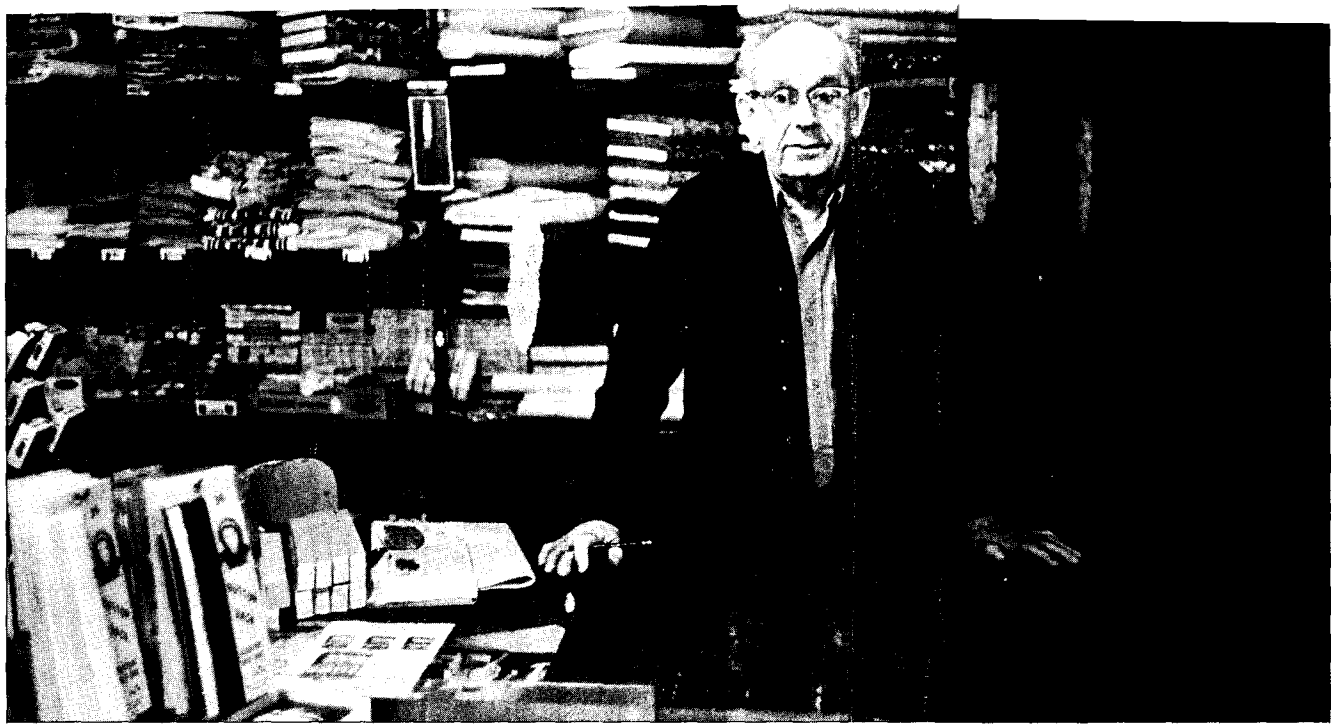

Seventy-year-old Dewey Hudson owns Hudson's General Store. "I feel like the rest of them. ***We never should have got into it.***"

A short distance down the street I heard a sharp note of dissent from Ferrell McClelland. Tall and lean, in his late fifties or early sixties, he has spent 30 years in the coal mines. His youngest son, Roger, enlisted in the Army and has been in Viet-Nam since December.

"We ain't got no damn business over there to start with," he snapped. "I can't see what good they're gonna do over there. The one tape we got from him [Roger] said 'we don't know what we're over here for'; said 'it wouldn't be so bad if we knew what we were fighting for.' "

Beallsville Postmaster Vern Jeffers is a World War I veteran and an active member of his American Legion post. He delivered mail in Beallsville for 40 years and has been postmaster for the past eight. He is gray and bespectacled, with the voice and manner of an old family doctor.

"I enlisted in World War I. I was the youngest enlistee from Monroe County. We had as a slogan then, 'the war to end all wars.' We attended the American Legion 50th anniversary banquet recently and one of the boys said to me, 'Well, you were an enlistee, would you do it again?' Yes, I told him, under the same circumstances I would, because I really thought it was going to end all war, but we see—we have seen all these years since—that the slogan was meaningless.

"So, under the present circumstances I don't think I would enlist. If I were drafted, I certainly would go without hesitation. I wouldn't enlist because I don't feel, and I think I represent practically everybody in the community, I don't think this is a war to defend America or to make America a better place to live in. I just don't see it that way.

"I don't think it justifies the lives of these boys, over and above the expense of the war. Doesn't justify it at all. There was not a boy that really wanted to go over there that was killed. I know. I've known every one personally, all these years, since they were born. Most of the boys were from small farms and they didn't want to go over there and fight.

"And when we have been told we are working with one of the most corrupt governments in the whole world, it makes it still harder for us to believe we should sacrifice the lives of our boys for that cause."

Referring to his fellow legionnaires, Jeffers told me, "Almost, not unanimously, but by far the greater majority of them, do not think there is any justification for the war.

"I don't mean we should draw them out now," he added. "Anyone knows that would be the wrong thing. But I do think they should take definite and positive steps to bring it to a close. What we need is diplomacy.

"Diplomats," he said almost confidentially, "we're short of."

Mrs. Jean Nelson, the first woman to serve on the Beallsville Council, is serving as secretary on a committee for building a flagpole monument and memorial park in honor of the five boys who have been killed. "I feel so bitter about the war in Viet-Nam," she told me, "because it seems such a useless war, that my feeling is, any guy who can get out of it for whatever reason, more power to him.

"I don't think, however, that there has been a single solitary person in this community that has ever thought of protesting. What should we hope to accomplish? It's not going to bring our boys back.

"So many street marches! This is the type of person I would like to see shipped to Viet-Nam. Then he could be doing some good for his country!"

This strong reaction to public protest seemed to be universal in Beallsville, and there is little likelihood of a draft resistance movement forming there at the present time.

The principal of Beallsville High School, Timothy Haught, described to me what happened when a reporter from the Wheeling News-Register interviewed the senior boys after the last two deaths.

"Some expressed the fact that the war seemed at a considerable distance. Some expressed the fact that they were not entirely aware of all the implications of the war. But generally speaking, in both classes, the boys reflected the view that if called upon, they would serve."

There are 24 boys in the current Beallsville senior class.

Jeffrey Blankfort is a free-lance photographer and a frequent contributor to RAMPARTS.

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From San Francisco State & Cornell: Two Black Radicals Report on their Campus Struggles

FROM CORNELL: *Michael Thelwell, contributor to the book*, William Styron's Nat Turner: Ten Black Writers Respond (*Beacon Press*), *currently teaching black literature at Cornell.*

"*All sho'nuff dialogue come from the barrel of a gun.*"—JUNEBUG J. JONES, CORNELL UNIVERSITY ADDRESS APRIL 21ST (DAY AFTER THE OCCUPATION OF WILLARD STRAIGHT HALL).

"*If, as we are constantly being told, there is a white power structure at this university, then it had damned well better start acting like one.*"—VISITING PROFESSOR (WHITE), CORNELL UNIVERSITY, MAY 1ST.

IF SUNDAY WERE NOT A "slow" news day, and if Americans—particularly white Americans—did not have an obsessional love-fear-guilt thing about guns, James A. Perkins, the president of Cornell University, would be resting more easily tonight. In fact he might have good reason to be downright pleased with himself and his administration. But for those two factors, Perkins would be able to point to the fact that Cornell was successfully weathering a potentially violent confrontation with its black students and their SDS supporters without large-scale destruction of property, massive police violence, or the "shutting-down" of the university's functions by dissident students—none of which Harvard, Columbia or Berkeley was able to avoid.

But Sunday *is* a slow news day and white America's guilt-ridden fascination with guns becomes paranoid hysteria when those guns are in the hands of young blacks. And the idea—greatly exaggerated by the way—that any part of the white society's governing institutions, even something as innocuous as a university, has "capitulated" or "surrendered" to those armed blacks evokes the beginning of the end, the specter of a black take-over, and blows white America's collective mind. So Perkins' regime, which was—until the appearance of the guns and what they refer to as "that damned picture"—one of the most skillful exponents of the anticipatory compromise, has been shaken to the point where friend and critic give it no better than a 50-50 chance of survival. If the Perkins regime falls, it will be because the press said he "capitulated" to armed blacks—and to capitulate is unforgivable, even if the blacks were right and, as far as anyone could tell, quite determined to fight in dead earnest for their position.

The establishment has many strategies and tactics for dealing with dissent, but its ultimate weapon is violence. (There was no violence at Cornell, but nobody seems to remember that.) Short of violence, the establishment has minor ploys like transforming issues of principle into issues of etiquette (it is bad form for students to disrupt violently the Vice President's speech, even though a rotten egg is not a fire bomb and the Vice President *is* the spokesman for a policy of genocide in Viet-Nam). Another name for this is, of course, hypocrisy, and it is this process at work which has made the focal issue at Cornell the question of guns in the hands of the blacks. But the press in its foolish search for sensationalism has stumbled onto a question which may become crucial for the foreseeable future: *What if blacks and radicals generally refuse to concede the exclusive right to violence to the establishment?*

TRADITIONALLY, WHEN the establishment calls for dialogue and negotiation it means *limited* dialogue. That is, it will, as my students say, "dialogue with" you until it grows weary or impatient, at which point the language of dialogue becomes the language of the nightstick and the Marines. This certainly has been the nature of all black dialogue with white America in the past. University administrations, despite their loud appeals to reasonable and civilized discourse, have reserved their right to "invoke cloture" by way of the machinery of violence that the system places at their disposal. It is only because the dissenters have tacitly conceded them this prerogative that the violence on university campuses has been "limited," if one considers broken heads and backs to be "limited" violence. Under the pressure of the situation the Cornell blacks were forced to take that option away from Perkins, and faced him with the necessity of choosing between equal negotiation or unlimited violence.

Negotiation from a position of equality becomes, in the language of the establishment, "capitulation." This is what got the trustees, the state legislature, the governor, and the conservative faculty up-tight: the recognition that the rules had been changed and that their traditional position of paternalistic power supported by the threat of violence was not operative. For the first time in four months the university had to *listen* to the blacks; all along they had been pretending to listen. Faced with the alternative of doing either a little "capitulation" or a little killing, they chose to negotiate for real—what is an appropriate response in Harlem, Watts, Newark, or Saigon is clearly inappropriate on an Ivy League campus. The black students violated not only the civilized proprieties but also the notion of aesthetic distance, the notion that white American violence

by Michael Thelwell

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should be kept as far as possible from suburbia.

It is ironic that—with the exception of an episode in which the occupied building was invaded by fraternity jocks intent on acting out their red-blooded white American male fantasies—the Cornell incident was totally nonviolent. To what extent was this due to the presence of those guns? It is not by any means *certain* that, had they not been present, Perkins, under pressure from trustees, faculty and alumni, would have unleashed the cops to break black heads. That this did not happen at Cornell may not be due solely to the presence of those guns, but the black students feel that in this case, at least, the basic effect of the guns was to prevent violence. It is a sad commentary on the society and the university that they are probably right.

Given the relatively peaceful and nondestructive nature of the incident and the fact that the black students emphasized their intention to use their guns only in the event of physical danger to the black women in the building, and that they did not threaten, coerce or intimidate anyone at gunpoint, the response of certain hysterics on the faculty (located interestingly enough in the upper echelons of the history and government departments) is significant.

These gentlemen claim to be hopelessly compromised, that the university is in ruins and chaos, and that "academic freedom" has been ravished—presumably by the phallic rifle barrels. Obviously they are speaking in terms of high and lofty principle, as they must be speaking symbolically when they say that the administration has surrendered and there is "no authority" at Cornell, since the school seems to be functioning no less efficiently than it was before. What does my colleague mean—he is a civilized and humane man—when he calls Perkins a "spineless jellyfish" and calls for the "white power structure to start acting like one"? Would they really have preferred a shoot-out? And to maintain what principle?—their own notion of their privileged class position protected by the coercive machinery of the state?

What exactly is the "trust" that they accuse Perkins of violating? That he did not swiftly and forcibly put the blacks in their place? How? None of these men have, as far as I can see, said a mumbling word against police violence at Harvard. Guns in the hands of the ROTC on this campus, on the hips of the campus cops, and in the hands of certain fraternities who had been arming themselves—this was a matter of public knowledge for weeks—do not seem to concern them. It is no wonder that "liberal" and "intellectual" have become dirty words in the minds of the young.

GIVEN THE PEACEFUL nature of the confrontation, the agitation of these men is understandable only in the context of the entire controversy. The "trust" whose violation they bemoan is simply the racist principle that they and their class have the prerogative to run black people's lives. Because underneath the labyrinthine swirls of red tape, due process and rhetoric on both sides, that is what the ultimate issue is. The actual, specific issues that triggered the confrontation are quite trivial.

Here is an abbreviated version of how the issues developed. When James A. Perkins, a Philadelphia Quaker of liberal pretensions, gained the presidency in 1963, he took over a university that embodied, as do most American universities, the best and worst of American society. One thing it did not have was a race problem, since there were virtually no blacks (about six per class year or no more than 24 at any one time). Besides, the few Negroes who were present at that time, rather than preparing the university for what was to come, probably misled them. These were middle-class, "integrated" blacks who were upwardly mobile and who wanted to fit in and belong.

A committee was set up to finance and recruit black students at Cornell and in 1965 a group of 39 arrived. Contrary to popular racist myth, the black students at Cornell were not "so badly prepared as to be unable to handle the academic load," which is a reason given by certain journalists for the agitation. Prior to the "troubles," this first group, which will graduate this year, had lost only three students, and only one for academic reasons. The psychological burdens are far greater than the academic ones, as we shall see.

What was expected, of course, was that these favored blacks would adjust, adapt, and integrate themselves into the life of the campus, happily, gratefully—and uncritically. At the end of four years they would emerge with the skills, manners and attitudes necessary to usher them into the middle-class world of affluence and gracious living. The only problems anyone visualized in that age of innocence were social ones, like what to do about fraternities that discriminated. (Cornell, with some 60 Greek-letter organizations, has not been quite able to shake its reputation as a winter playground for the sons and daughters of the eastern establishment.) But at first even the fraternities cooperated, sponsoring a "soul of blackness week" and setting up a committee to help black prospects cope with the intricacies of "rushing."

For a while everything went according to script. The notion that this almost lily-white institution, which had been conceived, structured, and had functioned without any thought to the educational needs of the black community, would have to undergo very basic adjustments if it were to be really responsive to the practical and psychological needs of blacks, was apparently as unthinkable as any serious suggestion that God might be black. The fact that with three exceptions, and those in the professional schools, the faculty was lily-white and that no courses *at all* dealing *specifically* with the black experience were offered, seems to have escaped notice. Truly Cornell's small black community was without history or identity so far as the institution was concerned.

AS THE BLACK POPULATION grew—it now numbers about 250—the sounds from the black community changed. Blacks began to perceive that integration was not liberation. Cultural integrity for the black community became a goal and instead of white tolerance and liberal sympathy, black folks were talking about Black Power, and not only that but by any means necessary.

Nationally the black community had stopped asking and started demanding. *They* would make the decisions affecting their lives, and *they*, for the first time in their history, would define the terms of their relationship to the white society. Junebug Jabbo Jones—may his tribe increase—the peripatetic black sage who is a legend in his own time, told a gathering of black Ivy Leaguers that "Harvard, Princeton and Yale had ruined more good niggers than whiskey and dope together," and he received a standing ovation.

At Cornell, blacks began to examine

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100,000 signed this Declaration during the JOHNSON Administration.
NIXON is allowing death and destruction to continue and to increase.
Pressure and action against the war are needed.

Individuals Against the Crime of Silence

A Declaration To Our Fellow Citizens Of The United States, To The Peoples Of The World, And To Future Generations:

1 We are appalled and angered by the conduct of our country in Vietnam.

2 In the name of liberty, we have unleashed the awesome arsenal of the greatest military power in the world upon a small agricultural nation, killing, burning and mutilating its people. In the name of peace, we are creating a desert. In the name of security, we are inviting world conflagration.

3 We, the signers of this declaration, believe this war to be immoral. We believe it to be illegal. We must oppose it.

4 At Nuremberg, after World War II, we tried, convicted and executed men for the crime of OBEYING their government, when that government demanded of them crimes against humanity. Millions more, who were not tried, were still guilty of THE CRIME OF SILENCE.

5 We have a commitment to the laws and principles we carefully forged in the AMERICAN CONSTITUTION, at the NUREMBERG TRIALS, and in the UNITED NATIONS CHARTER. And our own deep democratic traditions and our dedication to the ideal of human decency among men demand that we speak out.

We Therefore wish to declare our names to the office of the Secretary General of the United Nations, both as permanent witness to our opposition to the war in Vietnam and as a demonstration that the conscience of America is not dead.

On September 23, 1965, a Memorandum of Law was incorporated in the Congressional Record of the 89th Congress of the United States of America, in which leading American attorneys, after careful analysis of our position and actions in the Vietnam War, came to the conclusion that the U.S. is violating the following accords: The Charter of the United Nations, The Geneva Accords of 1954, the United States Constitution.

To Protest—To Object—To Dissent has long been an American tradition. The following are a few among the many who have signed this declaration to be on permanent record.

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their historical situation and the motives of their benefactors. What was the intent of the decision that had brought them to Cornell? Who had made it and who supplied the money? Had white folks suddenly got religion or did the riots have anything to do with it? Were black students in fact partners and beneficiaries in the exploitation of other blacks here and in the Third World? More important, would their education lead them to a never-never-land suspended between the two communities?

They started talking about the role of a class-oriented, culturally chauvinistic, white educational system in dividing the black community and siphoning off and co-opting its leadership. More than that, they saw the well-meaning but somewhat self-congratulatory publicity that the university was sending out (in fairness it was mainly to alumni for purposes of funding the project) as reducing them to laboratory specimens and evidence of the school's new morality.

They demanded an Afro-American studies program from the university shortly after the King assassination. It seems that the students had no clear idea of what the form and structure of such a program should be. But how in reality could they be expected to, given the educational system to which they were accustomed? Some faculty members, for reasons of politics, internal and general, expressed skepticism or outright hostility. But the administration, sensing the temper of the students, set up a committee to give shape to the idea.

This committee, under Professor Chandler Morse, set about its work in a methodical and cautious manner, genuinely concerned, I believe, with exploring all possibilities in order to set up a program that would not be vulnerable to sniping from the established departments nor offensive to even the most conservative sensibility, and which would also satisfy the blacks. This proved impossible, particularly since the no longer diffident blacks were definitely not interested in avoiding any of those contingencies.

Not much of a tangible nature had happened by November of 1969, and the blacks, suspecting that they were witnessing still another example of honky "tricknology," got restive.

They were simultaneously experiencing some guilt at either having "escaped" the ghetto or, in some cases, never having experienced it. This was exacerbated by a steady stream of black speakers and ideologically articulate students who challenged the group's presence on the white campus as opposed to "working" in the community or at a black school.

THUS THE AFRO-AMERICAN studies program became very important as a tangible sign that they were not being "co-opted" and seduced by the Man's system. But to be that, the program had to be free of domination, control, and influence, overt or covert, from and by whites.

Within the Afro organization sentiment for an autonomous black college developed; the group occupied the office of the committee chairman and declared the committee dissolved. This did not sit well with a great many faculty members.

In support of a number of political demands the organization began a series of noisy, disruptive and admittedly abrasive—but essentially nonviolent—demonstrations. To emphasize the need for black courses and materials they took a number of books from the library shelves and, finding them irrelevant, tossed them in a heap on the floor. To dramatize their demand for separate eating facilities they danced on tables in the cafeteria at lunch hour. They disrupted the clinic in demanding a black

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psychiatrist. And when the promised building to house the activities around the program did not materialize, they took over a building and evicted the whites, giving them three minutes to leave. They still have that building, and when the university did not furnish it as rapidly as they wished, a task force liberated furniture from other campus buildings. Now faculty and students alike were murmuring that it was time to teach the blacks a lesson.

When a small group ran through the administration building and into Perkins' office brandishing toy guns (they were obviously on some revolutionary fantasy of their own), it was clear to many whites that they had gone too far. By this time black-white tension was quite high.

The demands were not what was at issue—since even critics had to admit that they were justified, and with each demonstration the speed of administrative implementation perceptibly increased. The sentiment among some whites, mostly faculty, was that the blacks had to be disciplined. Consequently, charges were brought against six brothers for the toy gun incident and the liberation of the furniture.

Despite repeated urgings, promises of merely "symbolic" punishment, and later warnings and threats of suspension, the six refused to appear before the disciplinary committee. Now all the time this committee was saying informally that the charges themselves were not too "serious" they were also threatening suspension for nonappearance. So the issue was clearly the validation of the judiciary by the appearance of the six, not the charges (especially since the committee's mandate provided no mechanism for judgment in absentia).

DURING THIS PERIOD there was a symposium on South Africa. Cornell did own stock in Chase Manhattan and several other companies involved in business in South Africa, and Perkins himself—a perfect liberal—was on the Chase Manhattan board. (He is also chairman of the board of the United Negro College Fund.) Because of these connections, the black students felt that Perkins was hardly qualified morally or politically to introduce the speakers in the final session.

They planned to disrupt the meeting but one brother got carried away and seized Perkins by the scruff of the neck. (The brother was agitated at the prospect of his scholarship money possibly originating in South African slave labor. The contradictions for black people on a white campus are indeed great.) Anyway, that broke the dam and sentiment was now quite high for swift and irrevocable discipline for blacks. Meanwhile, the six brothers were still adamant.

At the point where the six were to be suspended, 150 blacks appeared before the committee and informed them that the miscreants were not present and would not appear because:

1. The actions against only six constituted selective reprisal and were clearly intended as political intimidation.

2. By insisting on their appearance and hinting at light penalties, the committee was acting out a charade, the purpose of which was a symbolic lynching to appease "racist" elements on the campus.

3. The committee, as an agent of the university, had no legitimacy to judge political actions directed against the university.

4. As a lily-white committee, it was not a jury of any black's peers and was thus illegitimate.

5. As long as black people were in the institution it was necessary for them to reserve the right of political action as a group, and since the six were the agents of the entire body, the entire body was culpable. But they were not about to relegate to whites the right to control the political activities of blacks made necessary by "lingering vestiges of white racism."

The committee—a joint student-faculty affair—saw fit to make no judgment and passed the buck to the Faculty Committee on Student Affairs. This committee examined the Afro-American position and found no merit therein. The six were instructed to appear and did not. At this point the issue became one of conflicts of autonomy. The blacks were trapped in a position of having to back up their statement, and their definition of their "right to political action." The faculty committee—beneath BOMFOG* rhetoric dripping with words like "sensitivity," "understanding," and "sympathy"—was affirming its right to judge blacks for political actions. It is thus primarily responsible for creating the situation that the administration then

*Brotherhood-of-Man-Fatherhood-of-God.

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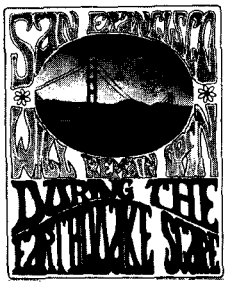

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had to deal with.

Pointing to the precedent of labor-management arbitration, the blacks said they wanted neither sympathy, understanding nor sensitivity, but an objective judiciary committee made up of people independent of the university to judge political actions of blacks.

AT THIS POINT, THE ACTION thickens—three white students are discovered beaten up on campus, one of them quite seriously. The allegation was made by one that his assailant(s) were black. The Daily Sun, the campus newspaper, printed a hasty and ill-advised editorial implying that their policy of collective responsibility for political acts made all blacks in the Afro-American Society responsible and that they should "ferret out" the assailants and hand them over. It is not clear that the assailants were in fact black or that, if they were, they were in fact students. But the editorial, hysterical in tone and quite vituperative, was a clear call to white vigilantism. No one on the faculty pointed this out, nor were any voices raised about the prejudicial nature of the Sun's assumptions.

The blacks received word that some fraternities and individual white students were purchasing arms in Ithaca. The blacks followed suit. The matter of the six had now dragged on for over two months and, given the added tension of the muggings, the nerves of both blacks and whites were frayed. But the whites outnumbered the blacks 14,000 to 250. Both sides seemed unable to dismount from the principled positions which they were riding to what seemed an inevitable confrontation.

The judiciary committee suddenly discovered that suspension was not inevitable after all and that they *could* judge the six in absentia. Two months earlier, this decision might have averted trouble. But when they handed down the reprimands, which are purely formal anyway, the atmosphere of heightened tension made it a provocation to both black and white.

That night a cross was burned, by person or persons unknown, at the black women's cooperative house. When the campus police came, they were unable to stay because of a series of false fire alarms that were being triggered all over the campus. The blacks found both actions equally provocative. The cross speaks for itself and the police action seemed indicative of a callous, even racist, disregard for the safety of black women.

This was Thursday night. The coming weekend was parents' weekend and the blacks moved to occupy Willard Straight Hall, which was to be the focus of activities. When the fraternity men forced their way in, and the blacks heard radio reports concerning five carloads of armed whites (which never materialized, however), they sent out and got their guns.

THE REST IS HISTORY—the arrival of the mass media, the picture of armed blacks leaving the building and the agreement with the administration in which the reprimands were rescinded and promises of legal assistance and no criminal action were made to the blacks. It is this agreement that the faculty found so distasteful.

It is impossible to say for certain just which principles the faculty imagined themselves to be preserving. In the beginning, the black students would probably have settled for a lifting of the suspension threat. As the issue developed and frustrations increased, however, the question became in their minds one of their ultimate powerlessness and what they saw as the university's willingness and ability to assert its power over their lives arbitrarily, however veiled and mild the manifestation of that power. This appeared to them to be simply a new style of paternalism which their new-found concept of black independence forced them to resist. It is interesting that having resisted so successfully and with élan, they now evince a new spirit and unity that is much less up-tight and beleaguered.

The Afro association has now become the Black United Front, and the American blacks are entering into negotiations with Puerto Ricans, American Indians, West Indians and African brothers and inviting them to use the facilities of the liberated building which has now become the Third World Center.

The white students, as a consequence of the "dialogue" which followed the incident, are also much less up-tight than before. It is interesting that while the administration, for reasons of public safety as they put it, made disarmament the first priority, the white students to whom I spoke felt that as long as the blacks pledged to use their guns only in self-defense, and as long as the university, as one administrator said, "could not be responsible for conditions in the general society" that might threaten blacks (some claim to be still receiving threatening phone calls), they saw no reason why the blacks should be forced to disarm. The generation gap again? But it is clear why the administration's priorities are different from the students'.

This is a division which is symptomatic of much more; as long as the universities continue to embody within themselves the best and worst aspects of the society, it will continue. At their best the universities, and particularly the private ones, have represented, however marginally, a tradition of decency and a principled resistance to know-nothingism, political orthodoxy and repression in the general society. Witness the McCarthy era and the movement against Viet-Nam that was launched from American campuses. By expressing a perception of the possibility of man, they have been the incubators of a generation of audacious, impatient, morally committed and idealistic young radicals not committed to the excesses of folly, pride, greed, moral flatulence and violent exploitation that mark their society's relationship to the poor and powerless at home and abroad.

But at their worst, the universities are the agents and beneficiaries of exactly these forces. Without the technical systems and personnel they provide, Viet-Nam would be possible but not easy. Too often the privileged and smug faculty mandarins are flattered to supply the intellectual underpinnings for economic and political imperialism, and are able to coexist with racism in the society and to perpetuate it in the curricula. They grow affluent and powerful by supplying tax and moral loopholes for the heavily burdened pocketbooks and consciences of the rich. And despite their frequent and loud appeals for reasoned discourse as the avenue to "orderly change," they are ultimately no less coercive, inflexible, manipulative, undemocratic and elitist than the class which they serve and whose interests they maintain while professing to scorn its values. As long as this duality continues, the conflict can only intensify. And the society is certainly more violent than the most revolution-intoxicated student can even imagine.

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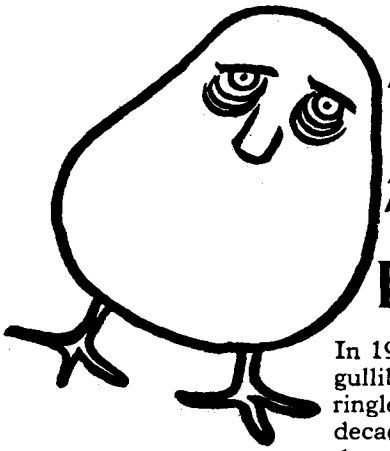

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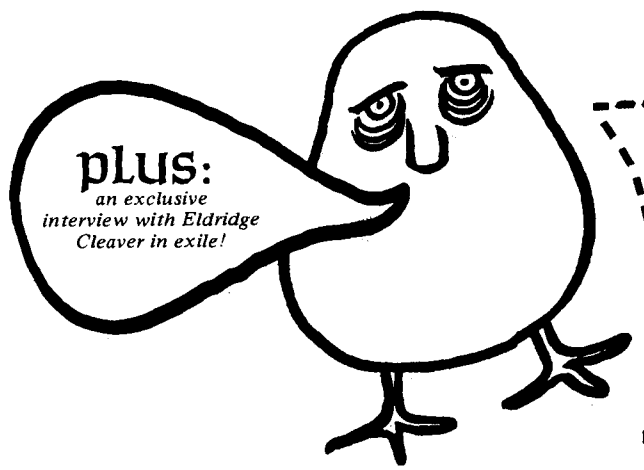

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FROM SAN FRANCISCO STATE: *Dr. Nathan Hare, author of* Black Anglo-Saxons *(Marzani and Munsell) and acting chairman of the Black Studies Department at State.*

"It is the responsibility of the vanguard to educate by example."

—ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

THE SAN FRANCISCO STATE COLLEGE struggle (including a five-month "strike") was an experiment in the seizure of power over the educational destinies of black students—and it was one which teaches a good deal about the new priorities facing black students.

Having observed that most student rebels tend to engage in symbolic or expressive behavior, black leaders at San Francisco State College sought conversely to disdain confrontation as a major endeavor and to "heighten the contradictions." For by heightening the contradictions, you prepare people for the confrontation which must come when they are fully sensitized to their condition. Rushing into confrontations without having heightened contradictions contrarily cripples the confrontation. This approach was endorsed by Stokely Carmichael, who spoke to a Third World Liberation Front audience on the campus the day before the strike took place. The theory was that when contradictions in the system, contradictions in the status or behavior of the oppressor and oppressed, are dramatized, the oppressed become concerned and angry. When the Department of Health, Education and Welfare decrees that rebellious students will lose their grants-in-aid, that is a contradiction because it indicates that only well-to-do students can afford to rebel. That makes poor students mad.

When Acting President S. I. Hayakawa can climb aboard a student sound truck, yank out the speaker's wires, and engage in a shoving match, pushing students off the truck, with no criticism by the press or the public, that is a source of curiosity. He was called a "no-nonsense little guy who takes a hard line." On the other hand, on Valentine's Day, members of the Black Faculty Union climbed aboard the speakers' stage, nonviolently stating that Hayakawa had no power. We were not yanking out the microphone wires or pushing Hayakawa off the stage (which would have been necessary for us to do in order to live up to the president's model). Yet we were called wild men and arrested for "disturbing the peace." Maybe if we had yanked out the wires and pushed Hayakawa off the stage, they would have called us nice "no-nonsense little guys who take a hard line." But we know better than to ever believe that. They arrested us; they did not arrest Hayakawa; and that is a contradiction. It makes people mad.

The Kerner Report—put out by the establishment—has defined this society as racist. We know that the function of education, in any society, is to transmit the skills, loyalty and deportment deemed essential or desirable for playing an acceptable role in that society. This means that our educational system is geared to produce persons, who, other things being equal, will succeed best in a society self-defined as racist. On top of this, America's educational system is one of creeping obsolescence, stemming from the fact that many of its ingredients—certainly its fundamental nature—were devised in an earlier era to meet the needs of an employer class, whereas education is now socialized and extended to the employee class which constitutes the overwhelming majority. American education is not relevant to the lives of most white students, but this is doubly the case for blacks.

IN HIS SPEECH BEFORE THE Third World students, Stokely cautioned against focusing the struggle on the "specific" instead of the "general." This means that they must refrain from the practice of fighting, say, merely to re-hire a fired professor (a specific) and fight for the right to significantly determine hiring and firing (the general). Otherwise, they will merely have to return to fight the same old battle over and over. First, it may be George Murray, next John Hatchett, or again somebody else. We must fight for the general principle. But we must do more than that. We must distinguish between tactics and strategy as well as between tactics and principles. A principle is a doctrine or assumption, a rule or code of conduct.

We discovered that once we had internalized our principles (an undying fight against racism and for the self-determination of all oppressed peoples, combined with a policy of non-compromise), strategy was more clearly and easily ascertained. Tactics are merely a variety of or instance of the use of strategy.

Naturally there developed conflicts over strategy and tactics, now and again within our own ranks but especially with

by Dr. Nathan Hare

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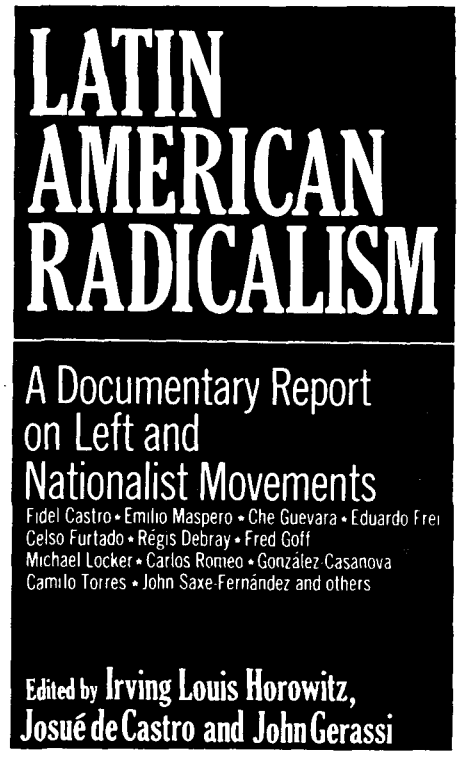
our allies, black and white. Mass confrontation, for instance, appeared to be favored by the white radicals who, as the majority of the studentry and faculty, constituted the majority of the strikers. Mass behavior is the natural tendency of large collectivities and is more suited as well to America's myth of majority government. As in all cases of revolutionary action, the strike was launched by a minority of individuals who apparently articulated the latent needs, the powerlessness, of persons at large. Revolution by definition is in discord with what most persons are accustomed to accept. Black revolutionaries too often wait for a majority vote before they move, and so they never do. Black students at San Francisco State College generally shunned ultra-democracy as a guiding principle, substituting "democratic centralism" instead. There was some difficulty of course in that individuals who would never dream of demanding participation in the day-to-day decisions of the establishment would cry for a vote on our most minute policies and procedures. This notion tended to be pushed notably by the agents provocateurs, though others shared it as well.

If any person with a black skin can walk into a meeting and take up the vote, the group is left less defensible against infiltration by policemen who would wield a vote on the strategy and tactics of the rebels. Efficiency also, of course, is hampered, especially whenever activities used are opposed by existing law. This does not mean that leaders are able, were they inclined to do so, to ride roughshod over the wishes of their people.

THE "STRIKE" IN GENERAL was designed to permit a variety of individuals to take part. Everybody could, so to speak, "do his thing," and some did nothing. Still, aside from conflict over the mass tactics of the white radicals, there arose division and criticism from political opportunists.

Some white professors, members of an American Federation of Teachers chapter on the campus, wanted to restore peace and harmony (the bourgeois liberal's phrase for "law and order") and, in a good many cases, to satisfy the old liberal lust for contact and association over cocktails with black revolutionaries. They did not want to risk their occupational security, however, any more than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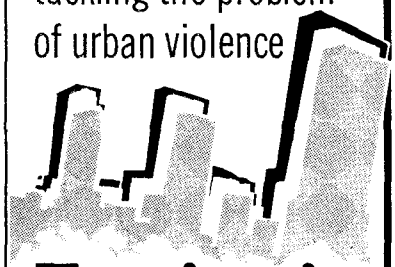

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they wanted to risk bodily harm earlier in the struggle from student terror and later from the clubs of the tactical squad. Since they could not readily join the tactical squad they naturally joined the students, where the risk was smaller and they could use the old tactic, "if you-can't-lick-'em, join-'em." They jumped on a ready bandwagon—though this is not to say that they were all bad—and when the going got rough, crawled off. They sought immediately to establish conventional definitions of the strike, which black students had early labeled as their own struggle. This meant that strikers were to ring the campus with picket lines throughout active campus hours, marching single file, five feet apart, to the best of their ability. Nobody was ever to "cross the picket line" or enter the campus for any reason, even to get one's mail. Students meanwhile preferred the strategy of the flea (an experimental variety of guerrilla tactics). The effect of the professors' picket line was to keep students on the periphery of the campus, which meant that "Allah's work could not be done."

One night as I approached the campus with a famous Negro lackey (who was one of several who from time to time sneaked out to try to negotiate), I almost fell into a fistfight with an AFT picketeer who angrily forbade me to enter the campus. I explained my purpose to no avail and at last remarked that I had been among those who helped start the skirmish, that he knew damn well that I was not "breaking the strike" by going on campus after dark, then rolled my eyes at him and continued on my way.

The union-oriented AFT also set out to secure conventional reformist strike gains revolving around higher wages and better working conditions. But, though they were fighting ostensibly for occupational benefits alone, their reference group—the group to which they longed, even if unconsciously, to be a part of—remained the college's ruling class. Their unilateral clamor for "strike sanction" from the S.F. Labor Council was testimony to that fact. A labor council sanction granted to a particular union is usually used as a reward whose aim is to procure conformity with the standards of behavior regarded as desirable by the sanctioning group—in this case the labor-establishment lackeys of the power structure. The bourgeoisie, it has been recorded in history, has long tended to dampen revolutionary fervor via reform tactics. These were some of the problems in working with white allies for whom, in contrast to black students, revolution was a luxury.

And yet we had to guard against whey-eyed administrative efforts to divide us from present and potential allies by playing up the leftist scare and exciting our nationalistic sentiments. We learned quickly that just as there were black enemies of the strike there could also be white friends of the struggle. True, many white collaborators had their own axes to grind—political motives, student power, local autonomy (faculty power)—but that is to beg the question. We operated on the concept of a functional interdependence of roles and interests, a division of labor in the manner of a baseball team or any other collective enterprise.

That is a challenge facing black students: to work out their relationships with white allies, although the need, above all, for black self-assertion (as blacks) will probably make it necessary to distinguish between an alliance (an association to further common interests) and a coalition (a temporary alliance of distinct parties for joint action). While administrators everywhere use New Left students as whipping boys (and girls) in the effort to split student forces, I ran across a problem of a different sort at the State University of Buffalo. There a group of ultra-nationalists also had been persuaded by their bourgeois Negro administrators to disdain the help of the Students for a Democratic Society. It is true—and ever so much so for the present—that black students must stay on top of any coalition since, as one black student aptly put it, "when we let whites take part they tend to take over."

In this case, SDS had called for a "black college" without consultation with the black students! However, I believe this was due in part to black student negligence there. They had prepared, when I arrived, a press release condemning SDS. Though their wrath was justified, they were finally persuaded to withhold the release on the grounds that they might need the help of SDS later on. The press release also condemned the kind of "illegal action" used by the SDS chapter. This meant that, should black students there ever be impelled to use "illegal action," they would have already condemned themselves.

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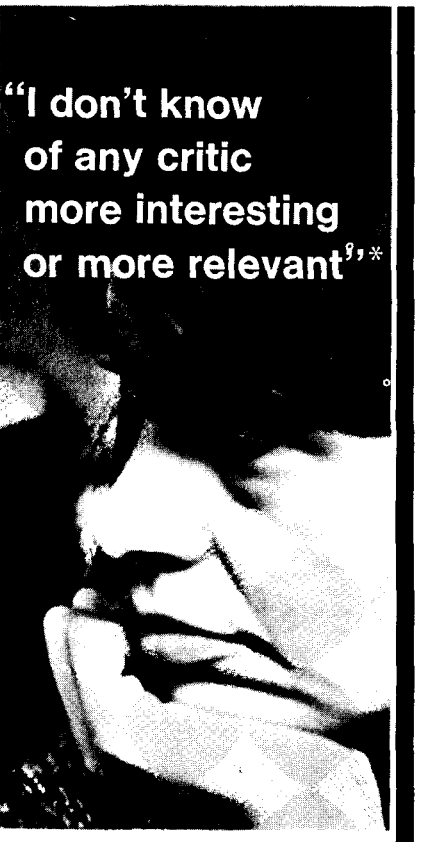
BLACK STUDENTS WHO WOULD gain a relevant education must be prepared to deal, of course, with administrative cunning and deception aside from the mire of bureaucratic structure itself. Typically, whenever black students call for relevant black education (using the black studies program as a model), a "coordinator of black studies" is brought in to spend up to a year planning the program and writing a proposal. Inasmuch as nobody chosen to submit a proposal by the scheduled date would need to spend that much time writing one, the coordinator is unofficially expected to do a lot of other things, not the least of which is to ride herd over student rebels, to be a troubleshooter when a crisis brews.

The first day I arrived on the San Francisco State College campus, I was asked to mediate a disturbance between the Department of History and the Black Students Union. The History Department wanted to hire a young white fellow with a PhD, who admitted that he knew nothing about "Ancient Black History." The black students could not understand why the administration would want to hire an unqualified white man but would not hire a "qualified" black person who, though he had no college degree, was exceedingly knowledgeable about ancient black history. The black students readily convinced me that I would never acquire the Nobel Peace Prize, and I told then president John Summerskill that I was not a peacemaker anyway.

Administrators typically seek to spread the program around to already established departments which retain the power to hire and fire black studies teachers and to drop a given course or add another. This weakens the collective thrust of the program, to say the least. Using existing criteria for hiring, such as the PhD, which of course was never acquired in black studies, they police the persons who will teach. They reach out for a Negro PhD from some Negro college to bring his course in Negro history or Negro literature to the black studies program. The course may get its name changed to black history or Afro-American history, but it is merely a black version of a white-oriented course. If all the black student needs is a person with black skin discussing "Negro" content in a course, then Negro colleges and so-called ghetto schools would never have failed so miserably.

And yet, there is a good case for the argument that the person who can solve the problems of the black student in these times is at least a black individual—that is, black-skinned and black-oriented. Black students need persons they can relate to as teachers and most of all, black role models. However, there is just enough of a possibility that a white professor can be useful to avoid getting sidetracked in a premature fight with the Department of Health, Education and Welfare in opposition to its demand for white tokenism in black studies departments. Just as many black persons are white-minded, it stands to reason that there is a possibility (though slim indeed because of well-known social conditioning) that a few white persons can identify with the black cause. It is better, in any case, to have a white person teaching the right thing than a black person teaching the traditionally white-oriented status quo curriculum. These are matters which will have to be worked out as we go along, according to time and circumstance.

White administrators will accuse black studies programs of being political, expressing fear that black community politics will exercise control over the black studies program. This is essentially a racist complaint, and assumes a double standard. The black community has a right to have the same relationship with the black studies program as the white community has with the white curriculum, indeed with the Negro schools and colleges. If anything was learned from the San Francisco State College crisis it was that politicians control the college. In this case it was predominantly Governor Ronald Reagan's office with some collaboration from the trustees, Chancellor Glenn Dumke, and, within limits, Mayor Joseph Alioto. Policies come to the college from the governor's office, with the advice and consent of the trustees (mainly men of great wealth) by way of the chancellor. The governor and the mayor (who also is running for the governorship next election) used the crisis as a political football. That is why, despite the fact that more threatening action took place on the S.F. State College campus than anywhere else, the National Guard was called quickly to such campuses as the University of Wisconsin and the University of California at Berkeley but not to S.F. State. Berkeley is in the same state as San Fran-



*"Ever since the New Criticism, its mission accomplished and its effects guaranteed, receded into history, we have been unable in America to come near agreeing on what esthetic intelligence is, although this kind of intelligence is surely what we should want to mean when we speak of criticism at all; and it is this kind that Miss Sontag possesses."
— RICHARD GILMAN, *New Republic*

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cisco, but Alioto is not mayor of Berkeley. He resisted calling up the National Guard, deploying instead approximately a thousand tactical squadsmen and policemen, so that it could not be said on the campaign stump that he had been unable to handle his city's crisis.

REVOLUTIONARY PRACTICE will also vary according to time and place. Blacks are necessarily more separatist where there are few allies, and those who accept white allies must take pains to see that the whites do not establish a neo-supremacy in the process. But standards of militance change for anybody, black or white. Those blacks, for example, who once were nonviolent and wanted to whip those of us who did not believe in nonviolence are now among the most ardent espousers of violence. I once told the Washington, D.C. chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union, when there was much talk about placing the Black Muslims on the attorney general's subversive list, that one day whites would wish they had the Muslims back. Then came SNCC, Black Power and now Black Panthers. One day, they will wish they had the Panthers back. It is necessary to consider both time and place. For example, colleges where revolutionary action of an intense sort has never taken place can utilize a bold form of confrontational tactics, a la Cornell and Voorhees. Had black rebels at San Francisco State come on openly with weapons of any sort, let alone with rifles and bullets around their shoulders, they would probably have been shot down on sight. Hence the limits of the confrontational tactic. Not only is it more manageable by oppressive forces, it is more ephemeral. Confrontation is based on the notion of instant victory, that picketing for a day, taking over a building for a month, will achieve revolutionary change. This tactic is fruitful only in dramatizing one's discontent where there is no other way. It is mainly a new form of passive resistance even when it is accomplished by the exhibition of weapons never fired. This is in no way to detract from the efforts of black students who have used them, as their bravado at the least is admirable, as is any alternative to past apathy. Nor is this to say that the tactic is never useful; it is only to say that the seizure of power to control one's life and destiny will not be accomplished at one stroke, and hence the folly of instant strategems. The principle of the flea is based on the fact that a flea would never deign to jump into the mouth of a dog, to seize it, or even to bite it to death. The flea prefers to nibble along at his own pace, bit by bit, sometimes invisible to the dog, on his more remote and vulnerable parts, to worry him down.

It has become a fad to seize the symbols of power, to seize or "liberate," briefly, administration buildings and even hold the administrators themselves as hostages. Successful revolutionaries have tended more to seize the instruments of power—money, weapons, tools and the mind (which is what the fight for black studies is all about or should be). Administrators themselves seldom have much power. While the dean or the president is being held as a hostage, he is not able to go to the person who would give him the authority to implement the rebels' demands. We must disdain the symbols of power and work toward seizing the instruments that oppress us.

Many black students fall victim to tangential, expressive behavior such as the call for a black college when they can't even get a department at the time, or even, in some cases, a set of courses. This is a human tendency and the source of all millennial quests. Its victims will hold conferences repeatedly on the idea of a "black university" on the grounds that it is impossible to accomplish relevant education in a white milieu. They forget that, without some revolution, the white establishment (which originated the separate Negro colleges) must accredit the black university, which most of the students from established colleges would not transfer to anyway, especially if they were going to lose a lot of credits. They do not see that separatism may often be an unconscious substitute for action now. It is natural that those who find the existing system too unbearable to conform to, but who are reluctant, for whatever reason, to wage revolutionary action, will long to withdraw.

At San Francisco State we seek to supplant much symbolic behavior and the notion of instant victory with a concept of protracted struggle, cemented by the strategy of uncompromising nonnegotiability. We may compromise on tactics but never on principles. This added a do-or-die kind of spirit to our struggle, and, though it presented some problems of its own (hampering timing, in the analysis of Dr. Joe White, a black

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psychologist and a San Francisco State dean), it nevertheless held us together in the strike longer than we otherwise might have been. It was necessary time and again to gag would-be upstart negotiators who would have divided the ranks between those who wanted to negotiate at a given time and those who preferred to hang on longer.

SOME PEOPLE BELIEVE that the S.F. State struggle is all over. This is a kind of folly. We had to respond to the fact that persons in America are not yet accustomed to prolonged struggle. We felt that five months (the longest student strike in history) was a good start toward the practice of protracted struggle. We gained more than any other college group in the country, to my knowledge, mainly because we were asking for so much more. We were demanding power over our own educational destinies, not merely more black teachers or higher wages or more black students, though these things are needed and we demanded them too. But we knew when we signed the settlement truce that the white race is not known for obeying its treaties—from Geronimo to the present day. And so we know —and it has already become clear—that we will probably have to fight again in the fall to persuade the college to implement the settlement.

There is a need for a habit of prolonged struggle, which means that oppressed people struggle, in some way or another, until the day they die or until the oppressor is brought to his knees. Says Benny Stewart, chairman of the Black Students Union at San Francisco State: "The only way a people can be defeated is when they lose their determination to fight."

There is a shortage of students—and black persons everywhere—who are willing to sacrifice, or even to risk sacrifice, for their own liberation. Many bow down willingly, in part because of an exaggerated notion of the risks involved, then turn around and wail that they are forced to do so.

Nobody can make a man do anything but die or confine his body to a given position for a given period of time. There cannot be rulers without persons willing, for whatever reason, to be ruled. The whole concept of power—the key concept in human encounters—attests to that fundamental fact. Obedience or conformity implies a choice. It is a matter of one's values. If, unlike Patrick Henry, who said, "Give me liberty or give me death," we place life above all else, it is a consequence of our own values and the ultimate reason why strong men will bow down to weak men who are in office or in a position of authority. It has been said that "might makes right," but not for long, because it is eventually necessary to transform that might into right or someone may begin to question it. I saw this to be true during my brief stay in the Army when a young soldier got out of goose step during drill. The company commander called him over and chastised him before the troops. "Run over to the corner, on the double! Back here, double time!" The young soldier obeyed, whereas what he should have done was walk up and knock the company commander down, in which case he would have been placed in the stockade and he would be alive today. But he obeyed; and that night when the troops went out on "night problems" the truck overturned and smashed his helmet. They never did quite find out what happened to his head. That incident made it clear to me that it does not necessarily pay to obey.

It is necessary to help make your own history, help shape your own destiny, or your history and your destiny will be shaped for you. Now is the time for all black intelligentsia, not the least of them black students, to rally around a prolonged struggle to rid the world of racism and achieve black self-determination. Black students must help structure new ideology, provide models of revolutionary zeal for others, and activate and energize the black intelligentsia toward giving greater direction to the people of the black captive nation. Black students must prepare themselves to become leaders, sharpen their tools and their understanding of the plight of the black race and all oppressed peoples of the world. Black students must help bring education to the black community, which is why all black studies programs must be community oriented.

We have a lot of work ahead of us, but these are some of the things that black students—indeed all persons concerned with saving the black race and possibly all humanity—must begin to do if this country, if this world, is ever going to be free.

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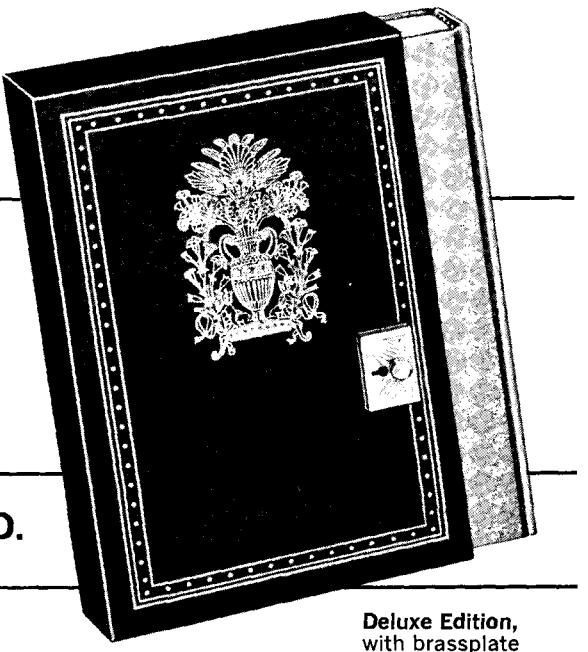

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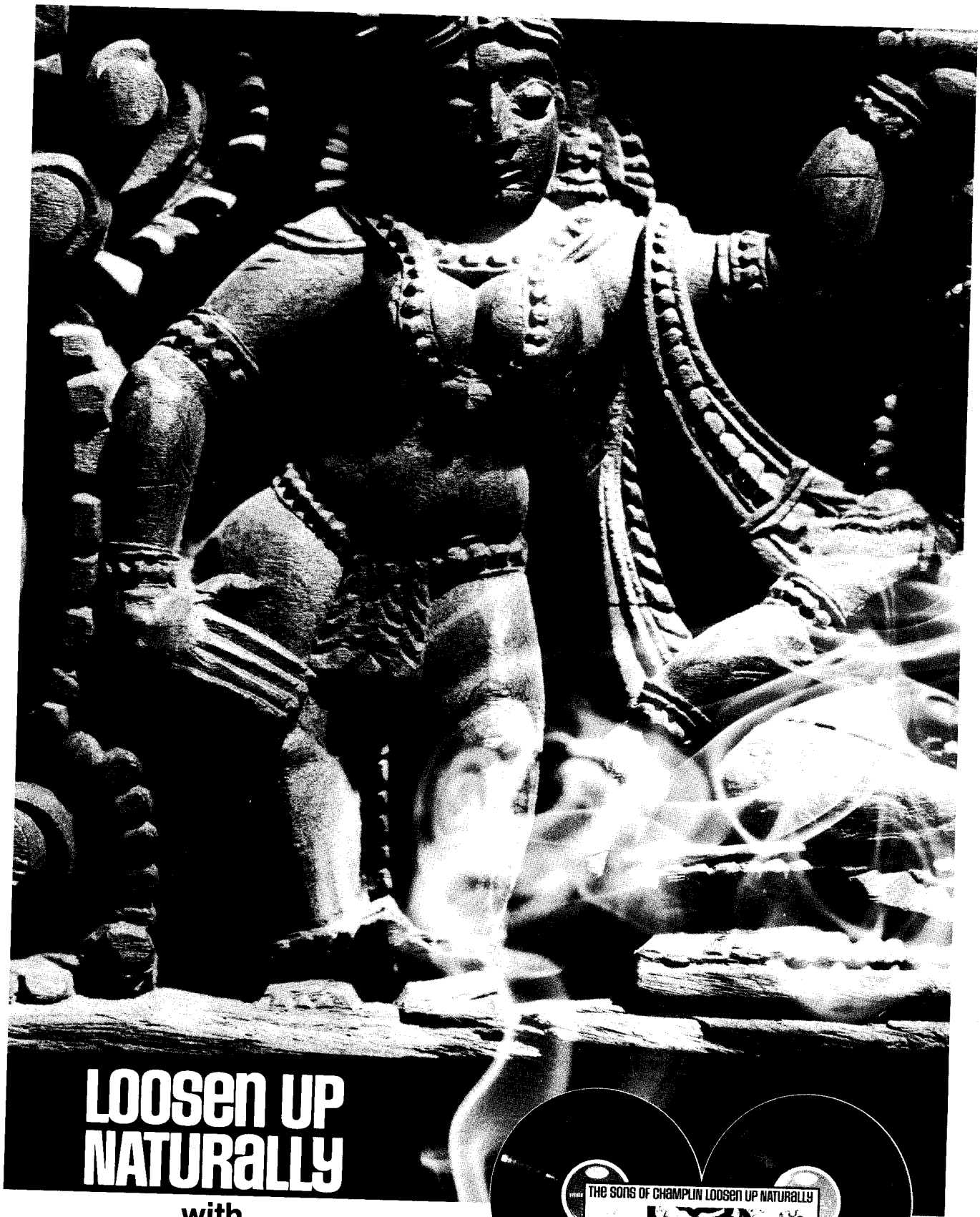

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Happy The Mothers Day

Last May 11, while most of the Red, White, and Blue were giving it to Mom with sparkledust greeting cards, we at Reprise were quietly celebrating this most sentimental of national holidays in our own freaky way. With our beloved

MOTHERS OF INVENTION

Yes, Greater America may have Nixon, cold cream, and vacuum-pack lima beans, but we at Reprise are now allied with Frank Zappa and his Merry Pranksters. And from them we have a disgusting new album called

UNCLE MEAT

Which is something to celebrate.
And write ads about.

We were thinking of suggesting that all of you tell Hallmark to shove it and place a few bucks with us for a copy of *Uncle Meat*. To have slipped to Mom on HER DAY. But we weren't quite sure of how she'd take to Suzie Creamcheese. Or Ian Underwood (who whips it out live on stage in Copenhagen). Or The Dog Breath Variations. Or Electric Aunt Jemina. Or King Kong (live on a flat bed diesel in the middle of a race track at a Miami Pop Festival). Or the picture book that goes along with each and every album.

Which is to say, is the Everyday Housewife really ready for the group whose efforts are described by *Life* (magazine) as:

"Conglomerates of humor, satire, chance, nonfiction and the grotesque, punctuated with snorts, oinks and bongs, sprinkled with bits of Motown, Sacco and Vanzetti, R & B, Rosemary de Camp, and Stravinsky."

In a word: NO.

Yes, Record Lovers, now that all's said and done, we're glad we played our hunch and didn't try to upset the Mothers Day apple cart. Visions of soaring sales aside, when you get right down to it: Zappa & Co. are enough to scare the pants off Mom.

Mom should keep her pants on. We all know that.

So what we've done is write off our 20,000,000 beautiful "Happy The Mothers Day" stickers. Instead we've made sure that *Uncle Meat* is in the racks of your favorite open-minded record stores. To sell to people who won't write us lousy indignant letters.

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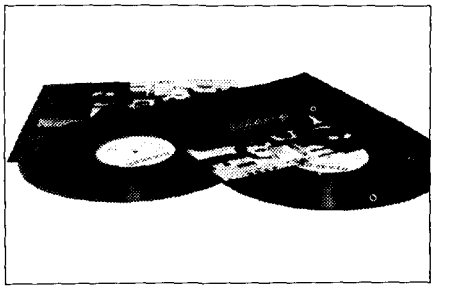
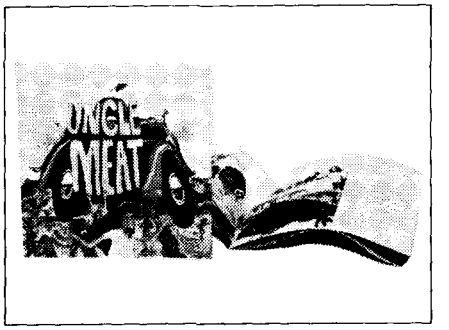


TWO RECORDS AND A BOOK

Which is pretty cheap for a masterpiece.



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